

OCTOBER,

1865.



Vol. XXVI.

No. 4.

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
323 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TERMS—\$2.50 per annum, in advance. 3 copies for \$6. 5 copies, and one to getter-up of club \$10. 9 copies, and one to getter-up of club, \$15.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The literary contents of Arthur are of a superior character, and always render the Home a welcome guest at the fireside and in the drawing-room. There is no deterioration in this magazine; it keeps fully up to the times.—*American Albion*, N. Y.

It always brings sunshine into the home in summer or winter. Let young ladies, old ladies, and gentlemen, even, read and remember more of this periodical and less of some other, and there will be more goodness and more happiness in their lives.—*Mail*, Warren, Pa.

The literary character of this magazine for high moral tone is truly what good parents love to see on their centre table.—*Herald*, Mount Joy, Pa.

The embellishments are beautiful, and gotten up in an artistic manner. It contains a rich fund of literary matter. It is one of the best magazines published in this country, and should be well patronized.—*Journal and Statesman*, Wilmington, Del.

There is no magazine published which receives a warmer welcome at one home we know of. The heavier magazines are always gravely, at the same time gladly got, but Arthur's is "jumped for."—*Evening Star*, Schenectady, N. Y.

No one can be an habitual reader of this magazine without being better in heart and better in all his intercourse with those around him.—*Torch-Light*, Jay C. H., Ind.

No family should be without this splendid magazine.—*Republican*, Williamsport, Ind.

Send for Arthur's Home Magazine if you want a delightful home companion.—*Independent*, Grayville, Ill.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This monthly, which always comes laden with what is amusing and useful, is again before us. There is no better family magazine than Arthur's. It meets the wants of all.—*National Telegraph*, Clarksburg, West Va.

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THE DISGUISED WARRIOR.



THE ROYAL BABY.

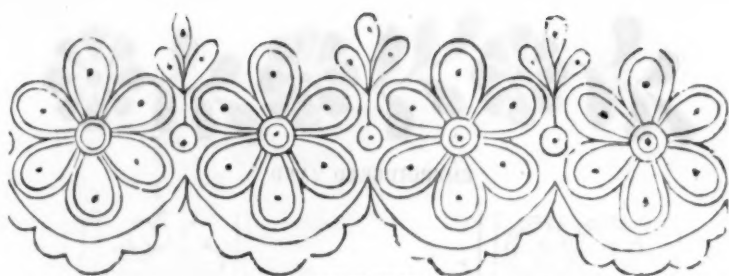




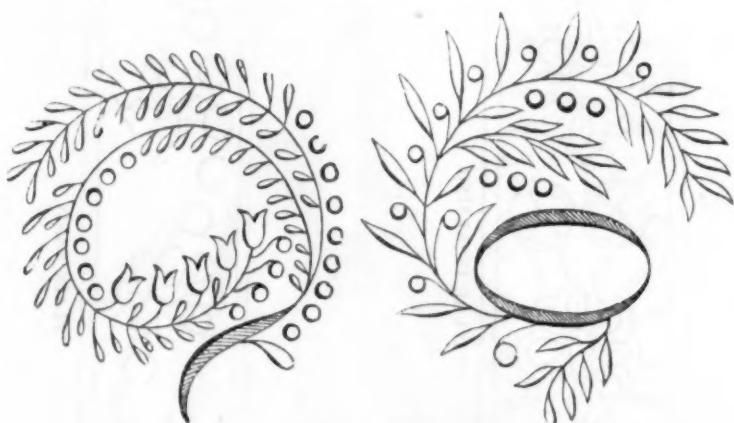
THE ROYAL BABY.



THE LADY OF THE LAKES



FLOUNCING.



CORNERS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.



NAME FOR MARKING.



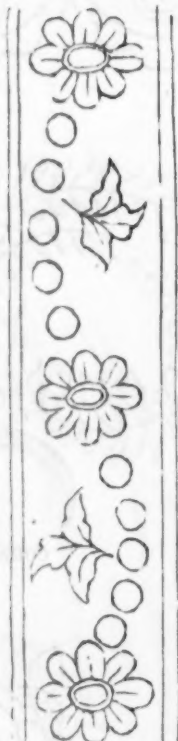
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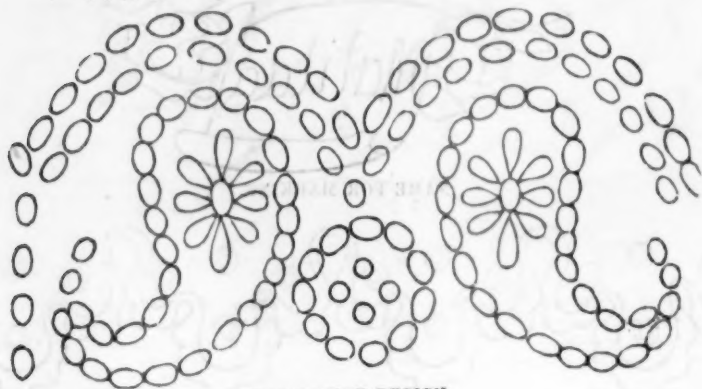
EMBROIDERED BAND.



GUIPURE INSERTING.



PLAIN BAND.



PALM LEAF DESIGN.



PLAIN TOILETTE.

A Striped Mauve and White Dress. The skirt is trimmed with three cross-cut tucks of the same. The bodice is plain, and the sleeves have two narrow cross-cut bands at the cuffs. A lilac moire waistband, with a mother of pearl buckle. A *crêpe* bonnet of the Fanchon shape, ornamented with a bouquet of white roses.

MARY, DON'T FORGET ME.

BALLAD.

The Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN.

The Music by M. W. BALFE.

Dolce.

ANDANTINO.

poco riten. *Tempo.*

Dim.

1. I must leave thee Ma - ry dear, Though thy cheek grows pale,
2. Sun - ny hours may still be thine, Home and friends be dear;

pp

poco riten. *Tempo.*

Oh! con - ceal that madd'-ning tear, Or my heart will fail.
Not one pro - mised joy is mine, Not one friend to cheer;

colla parte.

Though long years we love a - part, Wilt thou still re-gret me, Ah!
Mid the din of world-ly strife, When dark thoughts be-set me, Ah!

cres.

pp dolce. *poco riten.* *pp*

Give me hope to cheer my heart, Ma-ry don't for-get . . . me, Say you wont for-
Give me hope to cheer my life, Ma-ry don't for-get . . . me, Say you wont for-

pp *col canto.* *pp*

cres.

-- get me, Dear-est don't for-get me, Give me hope to cheer . . . my heart, . . .
-- get me, Dar-ling don't for-get me, Give me hope to cheer . . . my life, . . .

cres.

f

Ma-ry don't for-get me.
Ma-ry don't for-get me.

poco riten.

mf *mf* *p*



THE CHAMPION ARCHER OF ENGLAND.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1865.

MISS HEPSY'S CONSISTENCY.

BY HELEN HEATH.

Snake Pond was covered with a thin crust of ice on the third day of November, when Miss Hepsy peeped through an opening between her dimity curtains. "Joshua's folks wont see me to-day," said she, as she fell to combing her faded hair. "When the weather is cold enough to freeze Snake Pond, I never venture out of the house, for consistency is my aim."

So when the nine o'clock Cape Cod train rattled up to the pert little chocolate-colored depot, and stopped in obedience to a red flannel signal, Hepsy only looked out of the window, over the marshes which separated her house from the railroad, and said again, "Joshua's folks wont see me to-day; consistency is my aim."

Miss Hepsy did not differ very much from other people in the world, in that she had an aim which she never reached; but, by continually announcing that aim, she kept her failure always in view.

She lived alone, and was not troubled by the strictures of family friends, but she had neighbors who possessed the critical faculty, and they affirmed that a week ago Miss Hepsy, having coughed in the night, stayed at home from meeting the next morning, which was Sunday, because she wished to be consistent; and that she chased her cow through a wet meadow on the afternoon of the same day, muttering, as she returned to the house, gathering up her draggled skirts, "Consistency is my aim." And so it was her aim; consistency in the care of her health and in the care of her property; but poor Miss Hepsy knew not how to reconcile the two.

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She seldom attended sewing-circles or missionary meetings; she stayed at home and worked zealously for the Orphans' Aid Society; but the tired little berry-boys never left her gate with pail or heart the lighter, and none of the bright-faced school-children stopped at her door to say—"Please ma'am, give me an apple?"

It seemed to others that Miss Hepsy was only consistent in all inconsistency, but that her desire for this rarely attained quality was to her mind an excuse for every shortcoming. There was never any occasion for inquiring into her motives, consistency alone had power to move her. She ate, drank, slept and walked—and always in the most irregular and unaccountable manner—simply from her wish to be consistent. Indeed, her words often implied that she sustained life itself only for consistency's sake.

Few persons knew the origin of poor Hepsy's struggle for consistency. After she had eaten her breakfast and dusted the room, she sat down by the window, and looked off across the dreary flats to the great ocean.

The dull, green waves one after another washed upon the shore, while Hepsy sat thinking, until she felt that with their sullen moan, they were calling for her. So she answered the summons, and walked down the rough street and through the sandy lane. She sat on the beach and dipped both hands into the chilly water; for the great, mighty ocean, and poor, hopeless Miss Hepsy had something in common; and as she shivered and folded her cold hands under her shawl, its voice

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seemed to grow soft and mournful, and it swashed around the rock where she sat with a regretful kind of pity, she thought.

No drop of that water was a stranger to her, for somewhere on its journey to the shore of Cape Cod it had passed over Joseph—"My Joseph!" she whispered, as she laid her wet hand on her cheek, and moistened her lips with the bitter brine.

The leaden clouds shifted heavily over the sky. The cutting north wind came up from the Bay, and set Hepsy's red shawl flapping. It chafed her hollow cheek, and blew from under her hood the dry, yellow hair; but it did not touch her, for every bit of sea-weed and every smoothly rounded pebble was telling sweet stories of her life thirty long years ago.

Hepsy in herself never was very wise nor very clear-sighted, except when she looked at Joseph, and when he was gone, and she knew that she must walk on alone, she stumbled sadly at every few steps. But she laid her hand upon her withered heart, and prayed for Joseph's sake that she might be consistent.

So she cooked, and ate her breakfast, and dinner, and supper, she went to bed and got up again, she swept and dusted with this end in view—that Joseph, looking down from among the stars, might see her consistently working her way on towards his better home.

And when her courage failed, and grief blinded her eyes, and caused her to do and to say strange things, she grasped her resolve amid the deep waters, like a drowning man seizing a straw, and said to herself, and to all others who listened—"Consistency is my aim."

She hugged closer day by day this one object in life, and unconsciously it blended itself with all her thoughts, and was added to every remark. So that strangers, seeing only the dry, cracked shell of her life, with its inexplicable twists and contortions, ridiculed poor Miss Hepsy among themselves, and coldly judged her unexplained conduct.

Not far from Hepsy was a heart, beating slowly from a similar sorrow; not like hers, grown old in a grief which had found no sympathy, but young and fresh, ready to lean on the first outstretched hand; to tell its woe, and place warm trust in any answering word.

As Hepsy walked slowly homeward, she looked over the marshes without thinking of the old black house at the end of the lane, or knowing that so near balm might be found for her wound.

There a cold, blue face, with bewildered

eyes, was pressed against the shaking window, and a trembling hand was beckoning the lonely woman aside from her path.

In an unpainted room, with creaking floor and broken plastering, little Abigail was wondering whether the world she saw this morning was the same world she had seen all the ten years of her life. They had been quiet, uneventful years, but by no means unhappy. She had never been gay, like other children; her merriment was toned down by the remembrance of a father lost at sea.

Away on the marshes with her feeble mother, she had led a life that some people would have laughed at; others hearing about it, would have smiled in grave, pitying wonder, but few would have been able to see the joy which Abigail found in each now day. She made bouquets of the long marsh grass, she played with the sand, and watched the sea-gulls. The ocean pebbles, glittering like gems with the sunshine and water upon them, were an unwearying source of delight. She built Solomon's wonderful temple which she read about in the Bible. She constructed light-houses to guide imaginary fathers home to their little girls.

The long-legged hens, that stalked about the sandy garden on one side of the house, she transformed into tropical birds, with gorgeous feathers and dazzling eyes. She had great waterfalls in her mind, and mountains higher than were ever seen by travellers, wonderful cities, and fairyland regions. She watched the cars as they clattered by in the distance, and went in fancy on marvellous journeys. A seabird flying over the water, was the sweet dove which Noah sent from the ark. Abigail lay down on the sand with her face towards the ocean, and almost believed that the inexorable flood was rising higher and higher; and she smiled to herself as she saw the rainbow beaming out in the brightening sky.

Cape Cod was no barren desolate region, it was Palestine, the glorious tropics, the Garden of Eden to her.

The day before she had passed as usual, with a hundred happy thoughts and fancies; but when she kissed her mother to bid her good night, no smile or word answered her caress. She sat by her side and waited, growing more frightened every moment. She threw her arms around her, and then she knew that she was dead.

Abigail pulled the sheet over the cold face, and went to the window. The night was unnaturally warm, and the world seemed to

stand still. The gray ocean lay unruffled. There was no motion in the grass, no crackle of fire in the stove. Then the rain pattered on the window, the breeze wailed sadly over the Bay, the long salt grass awayed hopelessly, and the burdensome smell of the water on the marshes filled the air.

Abigail wrapped the blanket around her and crept softly up stairs—up into the empty garret, where the wind came through the broken roof. On this sad, desolate night, with an evil so great overwhelming her, she felt a strange conflict in its dark loneliness. So she sat down under the eaves, and looked drearily through the cracked, cobwebbed window up into the cloudy sky. She wanted to die, for her heart was full of despair.

The clock on the kitchen mantelpiece struck twelve, and there Abigail sat on the hard, cold floor, still looking hopelessly up at the sky. By and by as the long minutes crept on, a moonbeam stole through a hole in the roof, and fell pure and white on the floor. Scarcely knowing what she did, and not stopping to think why, Abigail left her dusty corner and sat down in the little spot of moonlight. That shining ray came into the darkness like an angel's smile, and tears filled her tired eyes and ran down her pale cheeks.

Then she remembered that her mother was in heaven, and that in her solitude God was near. So in the quiet moonshine Abigail knelt down on the rough garret floor, and with folded hands prayed to God who made the moon, and who directed that comforting ray when it peeped into her forlorn retreat.

With the thought of a Father in Heaven and His care, sleep came to her weary eyes, and right there in the brightness the little child lay down. The guardian angels gave her sweet dreams; but the gray morning with its return of winter weather, came to her unlike all other mornings she had known.

The old, black house was her home no longer, and she had a dull feeling that she must get ready to leave. She had no trunk to pack, but she brought down an old firkin from the garret, and put her collection of bright stones in the bottom. She laid the leather-covered Bible in next, then her best dress and blue calico aprons, and on the top her wreaths of moss and dried grass—memorials of enchanted dreams, which she thought would never come again.

She sat down by the window where she had looked out in the night, with one arm around the firkin, waiting for God to take her away.

She held in her hand a small rough picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims, with a poor little girl in the foreground, shivering and crying on the snowy shore. She had always thought that this child's mother must have died on the long dreary voyage, and now she kissed with her cold, stiff lips, the tearful face which looked so pitifully towards her.

Miss Hepsy climbed up the decayed steps, with the water oozing under them, and found Abigail with her treasures. "One neighbor after another stepped silently in; a grave was made for the widow on the sandy knoll near the old house, and Hepsy herself took little Abigail's hand, and led her to the home where she had lived alone for thirty years.

During all that time no child had crossed her threshold. Once she had called herself "Aunt Hepsy" to all the little ones, and her happiest dream had been of a little sailor boy in a blue jacket and tiny tarpaulin hat, with a face that looked like hers, but still more like Joseph's. This small figure had haunted her desolate rooms ever since, and she could not bear the presence of the noisy, red-cheeked village children, for it pressed upon her the fact that the idol which she cherished was but a dreamy shadow. She closed her heart over the disappointed hopes of her youth, and frowned upon what she really loved.

But before Abigail's pleading face and simple tale of woe, the door swung back on its rusty hinges, and with that orphan child the sunshine of happiness entered Miss Hepsy's dark life.

And so "Joshua's folks" waited for their visitor. And there was blue sky overhead, and a gleam of the setting sun on the pond, and laughing among the white-capped waves.

Nails were driven over the latches and into the rickety windows of the old house on the marshes, and little Abigail's precious firkin was moved into a corner of Miss Hepsy's spacious cupboard. A warm glow of blue actually came into Miss Hepsy's colorless eyes, and for once she neglected consistency as she lighted the best lamp and fried some doughnuts for supper.

And when she placed a chair for Abigail at the little round table, instead of allowing her to sit down in it, she pulled her into her lap, and they cried together as they thought of the great ocean; and their tears rolled faster as they remembered the grave down by the marshes, with the dry moss clinging around it; but they wiped their eyes and smiled when they looked into each other's face, and Miss

Hepsy saw her work and accepted it, and forgot now Aunt Hepsy once more, in dropping her all about her futile aim. cold theory, and taking to her heart the joys

Joseph's smile shone upon them, as the and sufferings of others, first showed herself visionary sailor boy faded from the fireside, truly worthy the love of Joseph's honest and Abigail took his place; and Miss Hepsy, heart.

"DR. VAN FRANK'S STATUE."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

I like stories to have pretty titles, as I like thus won till his death, too few, alas! too few cakes to be frosted, pills to be sugar-coated, years after!

but I disdain mystery, and before your imagination has depicted anything like the lofty majesty of Miss Hosmer's Zenobia, the symmetrical loveliness of the Venus of the Louvre, the pale beauty of those marble wonders of the Vatican gallery—which all of us have dreamed of, and some of us have seen—let me explain. Mrs. Van Frank, or Madame, as we learned of her husband to call her, was the greatest contrast possible to his agreeable bonhomme. Dr. Van Frank was our family physician, and she yet seemed only an embodied suggestion of the lovely woman she might have become, and wholly failed to realize our expectation of the elegant, artful, dressey, *fussy* creature one naturally imagines a Frenchwoman to be. In the present case we had formed our ideas upon the example of a pretty Parisian widow, who had ventured over to our uncivilized continent to look after some apocryphal stocks in which her dear deceased partner had been induced to invest his savings, and, after a few weeks of witty lamentation and faultless dressing, fascinated the rich broker who was agent for the same, and carried him back captive, in lieu of the missing shares, by a species of poetical retribution. With the remembrance of this representative Frenchwoman fresh in my mind, I could hardly understand my new acquaintance, whose dress was as little fashionable as was consistent with perfect propriety, whose manners were almost repulsively languid and cold. After a few attempts at intimacy and interest, we were fain to leave her to the quiet and solitude she evidently preferred, and enjoy as much as we chose the genial and delightful society of her amiable husband.

Gaëtan Van Frank was of lineage partly Gallic, partly Knickerbocker. His father was descended from one of the original colonists of the island of Manhattan, before it merged its honest Dutch name in the flashy glories of New York; his mother was a pretty Frenchwoman of New Orleans, whose attractions fixed the elder Van Frank in the latter locality for life, and caused the son to be brought up with manners and habits quite foreign to the country of his birth, and native only to the tongue his mother spoke, the land she ever regretted having left.

These alien words and ways, however, had their peculiar charm for us. I forget for what childish ailment he was first called in—in the indisposition of that learned authority Dr. Pundaway, who, as I remember thinking like a certain church which figured in our picture-book "that couldn't save itself," had been overtaken by the dread enemy catarrh, and gone to bed quite helpless, by his old house-keeper's advice, with mustard draughts to his feet and hot flannels on his shoulders, refusing to see anybody. In this dilemma our vivacious new neighbor was summoned and came, winning all hearts, of both parents and children, by his kindness, his liveliness, his great skill, his perfect tact, his inimitable grace, his infinite patience, and retaining the empire

Dr. Van Frank was of the reformed religion, his wife a strict Catholic; and we were amused by seeing how naturally and readily the strangely assorted pair conformed to each other in this, as in all respects besides. Once a day, on Sundays, they visited our handsome church together, where the good doctor made his salut and listened with reverential attention to the wordy wanderings of the learned

D. D. who formed the delight of our congregation, as he laboriously followed the footsteps of the fugitive Israelites, and bade fair to remain in the wilderness with them longer than Moses, and more than the traditional forty years. It was pleasant to see his fine face, with its cheerful, kindly look, raised attentively to the pulpit, to witness his innocent satisfaction with the singing, his hushed devotion during the prayer, the "peace and goodwill" invoked in the Christmas anthem, that beamed from his friendly eyes through all the year.

By his side sat his patient wife, white, cold and motionless, from hour to hour, of the great expositor's discourse; her sculptured profile turned in an attitude of attention, her large lucid eyes fixed dreamily on the speaker like those of a somnambule sleeper; her pure, clear features, in their setting of rigid shapes and neutral tints, such as she always wore, outlined against the dark old Gothic carving of the gallery and stalls like a marble saint in its niche. Past her pale face rich lights streamed in from the stained glass windows—gold and scarlet rays that passed on to gild the yellow hair of children, to tinge the delicate cheeks of pretty young girls; but her fair head was always left in a dazzling glory of white, or touched with faint reflections of violet and purple tints, that made her pallid beauty dead and unearthly.

The other service of the day, were it matin or vesper, she heard in the little chapel of a neighboring convent, where orphan children were received and educated. A large part of the good doctor's income, it was said—what will not gossip discover?—was dedicated to this charity, not long established, and still struggling and poor. Here, in all seasons and weathers, the pair might be seen passing the low portal arm in arm, both heads bent reverently in devotion as they entered, both hands extended to touch the "holy water," with which the doctor always carefully crossed himself to please his scrupulous wife. Here he waited patiently and kindly while she supplicated her favorite saints with all the forms enjoined by her church, and came away not less edified, as he often assured us, than by the ministrations of his own religion.

"For what is it that we make after all," he would say, "of these differences, these divisions, these barriers of custom and of creed, between the children of the good God? How have we need of more than to obey those mandates sweet and simple that He left for our

direction—to do justly, to walk humbly, to love mercy, to be pure in heart, to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, to render to every man his due, to give of our abundance to the poor and needy, to love our neighbor as ourself—is it not so? My friend, are these rules so easy to keep that we must make research for yet others? Away with creeds and doctrines that divide the hearts of Christians and shut the Creator from the creature! To love Him more we have but to love each other better. What shall our religion be worth if we cannot weep with those who are weeping, rejoice with the joyful, and bend the knee beside any sincere worshipper, who, sinful like us, tempted like us, believing and adoring like us, comes with his burden to the foot of the cross, which is the sacred sign and symbol for us all?"

Being much of this liberal faith, we did not dislike to enter sometimes the little chapel that M. and Madame Van Frank so devoutly frequented. It was a pretty place enough, small, neat, and well-proportioned, with a marked absence of the tawdry ornamentation and carelessness of keeping that too often disfigure such buildings, and detract from their solemn effect. Communicating with the neighboring convent, it was surrounded on three sides by the asylum garden and grounds, from which came faintly up the sweet voices of the children at their play, ringing through the massive stone walls, and seeming to make the sacred stillness within, by contrast, more peaceful and profound. Beds of flowers blushed and bloomed beneath the windows, the branches of spreading trees shaded the roof, ivy and other vines, trained by the gentle hands of the sisters, clambered over the outer pillars and lattices, and added to the "dim, religious" gloom of the interior. From the hot, bright, busy street, the place looked dark, and cool, and quiet; the ever open door promised invitingly a rest and refuge from the fret and tumult of the crowd, a sanctuary where holy thoughts roughly driven away by the rude contact of the jostling world outside, might be fitly entertained to our souls' refreshment, where, though our faith may not lead us to prostrate ourselves before the decorated altar, we may at least hold communion in our own way with Him in whose honor the altar was erected.

I think it is to be regretted that our own churches, opened to the public but one day in the week, the one in which it would seem we have least opportunity to do evil, are closed

against us during all the toil and trouble of the other six, as if our need for seeking them was over, and slumber solemnly, with darkly frowning portals, to the safe preservation of paint and carving, gilding and upholstery, but to the great loss of those tried and tempted souls that want to commune with God in His visible temple. For such the doors of the Catholic places of worship stand ever open, offering a quiet asylum to any who wish to pause a moment to rest, reflect, or pray. Always there is a waiting attendant priest at hand, an ear to hear, a heart to sympathize, a voice to counsel and comfort in the extremity or perplexity that brings them there. Is it any wonder that the mourner, stricken by sudden bereavement, and flying from the familiar objects associated with the lost idol, that seem to refresh his grief and prevent his prayers at home, should find refuge here?—that the penitent whose heart is breaking under the burden of its sin should hasten hither with his load?—the wanderer, to whom all else looks strange and desolate, should feel within its walls a bond of common brotherhood, and ascend its steps as one upon the threshold of home?—or that to the tossed and troubled spirit, torn by the deadly conflict between good and evil forces, and strengthened by an hour's communion with this holy calm to give the victory to its better nature, these ever-open doors should seem indeed the portals of heaven?

With some such thoughts as these, we one morning turned aside from the crowded thoroughfare to enter the little convent chapel, and following two well-known figures that flitted silently through the dusty arch, found ourselves assisting at the celebration of some saint's day or fête day with the children from the adjoining asylum, which, too small and cramped to afford an assembly room, had summoned them here to pay their devotions and receive some souvenirs or donations suitable to the occasion.

Except for the presence of the orphans, the church wore its ordinary look. A few people (there were no seats) knelt quietly apart on the stone floor near the entrance, absorbed in fervent prayer before the pictures with which some unskilful but loving hand had embellished the walls. Some of these seemed lost in silent supplication, others wept as they prayed, but all appeared to experience a soothing and comforting effect from their devotion as one by one they rose and noiselessly departed. In the distant twilight of the chancel

the tall wax lights burned solemnly and clear before the sparkling tinsel of the altar, its gorgeous decorations of votive wreaths and flowers, artificial and real, its richly wrought drapery, its pictures, images, shrines, and crosses, seeming, from our station near the door, but a confused heap of gilding, light and color. Very little of the sunshine without filtered in through the dim windows, but its place was supplied by a large and brilliant chandelier, which swung by massive chains from the centre of the ceiling.

Beneath this was gathered the group of children, threaded here and there by black-robed nuns or interested visitors, and by its light we saw the greeting given to the pair who preceded us. All turned eagerly to welcome them; a dozen, from the half-grown girl to the tottering baby, seized the doctor's kind hands or pulled at his skirts in the delight of recognition. Nor were those kind hands empty. Toys, fruits, and bonbons, cakes and picture books, articles of more practical use and purpose, little packages of money for those unconscious of its value, to be expended for their benefit by their careful guardians; clothes to replace the whole and clean but worn and shabby garments, hardly comfortable even in that bright autumn weather—which the narrow means of the institution with difficulty provided for its inmates—and sweet caresses, cordial words, hardly less needed by those lonely little orphan hearts.

But we were most surprised at the reception accorded to the calm and stately Madame Van Frank, about whom the children clustered like cherubim about a majestic seraph. They clasped and kissed her slender hands; they laid their rosy cheeks against her marble face; they drew her to kneel down to their level on the pavement, where they might climb upon her lap, hang about her neck, press their warm lips to hers, and pay her the eager childish homage they loved to lavish. Not without reason was this worship given—by the light of the lustre burning overhead I saw her countenance, changed, rapt, impassioned, divinely tender and beautiful. The little ones of the flock were most the objects of her pitying care; among these she moved a Madonna, she shone a visible angel. Lifting them in her arms, she gently divested them of the thin and carefully-mended garments they wore, and put on instead the new and comfortable clothing she had made with a thoughtful knowledge of what each child required, that no mother could have exceeded. No mother's hand could have

touched those desolate young heads more tenderly; no mother's tears have fallen more frequently with her lips upon their chubby shoulders; no mother's heart, I am very sure, have been more fond and faithful to their infant needs. I did not wonder that they loved her; I could only wonder that we had not learned to love her too—that we had failed to find the key of her nature, which these baby fingers from the first had held, and discovered that the statue had a heart. She was the cause, as she was the object, of my first and only impulse towards "saint worship," for as she knelt afterwards in prayer, I longed to go and say, "Sweet saint, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

And yet when next I saw her—at an evening party in our own house—I almost doubted the reality of the scene I had thus witnessed unnoticed. Dressed with her customary, severe simplicity, her classic features as cold and calm as usual, her bearing as quiet and reserved, the most distinguished or courteous of our guests could choose no topic, make no advances, that would bring the fervent light and life to her face as I had seen it among those outcast orphans. No feeling quivered in the accents of that sweet, even voice; no lights and shadows wavered in those beautiful eyes; no emotion of pleasure or pain disturbed the curves of her exquisite lips. I looked on disappointed as my favorite brother, whose manners were as fascinating as his spirits were gay, bowed himself away in despair after an hour spent in patient experiment, during which he had rung the changes on every theme, from allegro to penseroso, without success—and passing by me, observant from my dark corner, privately presented me with a comical twist of his handsome countenance, and dropped in my ear a murmured opinion that the "wooden woman" was petrifying.

As she was now left entirely alone, I hastened to her table with a portfolio of engravings; and her husband, with whom I had always been a favorite, and who was ever tenderly watchful of her, leaving the brilliant groups among which he had been passing, his progress marked by the increased gayety and good humor that he awakened, as he went—joined us, and assisted me to do the honors of the heavy portfolio. It was a pleasure to listen to his vivacious description of the scenes and places represented in the prints he laid before us; he had been everywhere; knew everything; his conversation was a mine of wealth, his mind must have been an inexhaust-

ible storehouse. His wife listened with her usual still attention, her impassive features betraying neither sympathy nor pleasure, nor any human feeling, till the speaker, pausing in his eloquent talk, cast an agitated, apprehensive glance at her calm countenance, and hurriedly passed over to me a view of the New Orleans cemetery to which he had just opened.

But she had already seen it, and with a stifled exclamation in French, caught it up, and bowed over it; dropping quick tears upon it, and quicker kisses, bending her beautiful face above it, clasping it in her fair arms; her marble calm dissolved, her stately reserve lost in a tempest of despairing emotion. It would have been almost a "scene" but for her husband's ready tact, and the seclusion of the shaded corner in which she had enshrined herself, and I loved and respected him more than ever, if that could be, when I saw the pitying tenderness with which he treated her. "She is not well," he quietly said to me; "we will go now if you please." "How many men," I thought, with precocious sarcasm, as I flew up stairs after her wrappings, "would be so gently considerate after ten years' marriage!" When I returned, her emotion was quite subdued, she looked the same as ever, only a little paler, and was able to make her usual graceful adieux to her host and hostess. I followed them to the door, as they took leave, the statue's cold hand fell in mine at parting with a tremulous pressure, and I dreamed of nothing else that night but her face in its vivified beauty.

A few evenings later, the doctor came in alone, with a manner more quiet and serious than was his wont, and joined the group about our study table.

"She does not go out to-day," he said, in reply to some inquiry about his wife, "it is an anniversary, a time of tears and prayers, what do you call it?—in memory of many sorrows, she makes to-day a 'retreat,' you understand."

"Not for a nun?" we cried, in horror.

"Oh, no," he answered, looking round upon us with a smile half amused, half melancholy, "and yet I think she is enough religious were it not for me; for she loves me much, mesdemoiselles, and will never leave me while I live, even to be 'the bride of heaven,' unless heaven itself should take her. But this is the only tie that binds her; the world has nothing for her more, and she loves only less, the sheltering shade of those gray convent walls."

"So young, so beautiful?" we said.

"She was more young and more beautiful," he returned, "when I first saw her, and yet

not less an angel then, than now. You have known us long and loved us well, mes amies, shall I tell you all?" he continued, while we both looked and spoke assent.

"It was the summer of the dreadful pestilence in New Orleans; I had remained in the city, as it was both my duty and my pleasure to do, protected partly by my nativity, in part by various precautions, whenever I had time to take them; and being very busy with my profession, attending incessantly to its calls, worked cheerfully enough in spite of my loneliness—nearly all my friends and acquaintances having fled to healthier regions!—and of the scenes of death and desolation, among which I spent each day. It was an awful season—never can I forget it!—and even after the years that have elapsed, I often wake from sleep, fancying myself again traversing the funeral streets, to carry my useless skill to the bedside of some dying victim, who hale and hearty but an hour before, could greet me only with his cries of mortal pain. To tell you one-half of what I saw and suffered with unavailing sympathy and effort, during that dreadful time, would be but to burden your memory with images such as must ever haunt and harrow mine."

I have translated the doctor's language—always from his associations full of French idiom, New Orleans French idiom, which complicated it; and when he was interested or excited, delivered with a rapid and facile flow, that made it almost unintelligible—into such English as he would have wished to speak. Silent for a moment, he passed his hand over his eyes, sighing; dear gentle heart, always so tenderly thoughtful, so quickly moved by others' suffering, how must it have been lacerated at every step of that horrible experience.

"It was one night, after midnight," he resumed, "I had been able to return home for the first time in three days, for a little rest, a little refreshment. All my new patients had been visited; all the old—save the few who miraculously recovered—for it was not to any care or skill of ours that they owed it, while the same remedies failed in thousands of similar cases; but to the direct mercy of heaven—had ceased to suffer, and I had seen them properly buried, which was equally the physician's duty at that time. I had hardly tasted the repast, which my old housekeeper had set to await me many hours before—poor faithful soul! she had died quietly since, but I did not then know it—when a hurried knock came to the door, and a young girl entered alone. You who know her, may fancy how she looked,

dressed all in white; a white shawl dropping from her black hair, her features more marble-pale and perfect than you see them now. When she spoke her voice sounded unnaturally sweet and clear—she summoned me to go somewhere, to render some service, I could hardly understand what, but I rose at once and followed her as well as I could—for she moved along the dusty streets as rapidly as a phantom—to a handsome house situated in that quarter of the city in which I was the only physician left alive. Ascending the stairs together, we passed three closed doors, behind which lay as many corpses awaiting burial, and in the room we entered was a sight yet more dreadful, where four more victims, in every stage of suffering, descended to death. I spare you details—in an hour, the girl I had accompanied was alone in the world.

"The family were French emigrants, I know not of what rank, six in number, newly arrived. The dwelling they occupied was not their own; their servants, lately engaged, had fled at the breaking out of the pestilence among them, save one who remained to die. From various signs about the house, I conjectured that it had been plundered, either by these fugitives, or some daring band of thieves, in the helplessness of its inmates, and all articles of value ransacked or carried away; but in the chamber of death still remained a large amount of money and other property, which I hastily collected and recommended to the care of the survivor.

"The girl remained still—not petrified or paralyzed, for that would imply an incapability of suffering, and I am sure that she suffered intensely; but she seemed to have lost all power of expressing or understanding it. Her mind had been strained to its utmost tension of agony, and refused to feel or comprehend more—it was in a strangely abnormal state, a dreamy trance of pain, from which it has never wakened, from which I pray God it may never wake, must the waking constitute the full remembrance of those horrors to which she was in Heaven's mercy, so far insensible. Perfectly pale and passionless, she knelt successively by those beds of death, received the farewell caresses of their agonized occupants, tenderly ministered to their terrible pain, patiently followed their delirious fancies, and passively obeyed their distracted mandates, kissed the livid lips of the dying, closed the glazed eyes of the dead, and rose up from the side of the last, still unearthly calm in her infinite desolation.

"She listened quietly to my explanations of

the arrangements I had made, comprehended and replied clearly, was obedient, gentle, and resigned in all respects save one, she would attend the funerals; I could not prevent it. On that distressing occasion she saw the New Orleans cemetery, of which you showed us the other evening an engraving, for the first and last time. You remember her emotion at recognizing it; she still connects painful associations with the place, to what extent I cannot tell and dare not inquire.

"On our return, I found to my surprise that she was firmly resolved to live in the house she had left, with its infected atmosphere, its pestilential neighborhood, its loneliness, its danger. But argument would have been useless and cruel; I could only in my mortal hurry take such steps as were necessary for its purification, make some hasty arrangements for her comfort, and send two of my own old and faithful servants to remain with, protect, and provide for her, promising myself to keep a sort of surveillance over her fate, but dreading every time I swiftly passed by on my rounds of duty, lest the guardians I had given to her service should summon me within, to pay the last rites to the white, beautiful face I should see no more.

"This did not happen; she lived! The pestilence had done its worst for and with her, and passed her by henceforth unharmed, though she daily walked in its footsteps, breathed its breath, found her work among its perishing victims. In the monomania, the infirmity, the exaltation of her mind, which ever you choose to call it, this girl mourned her dead by smoothing the path to death of others. She nursed the sick, she tended the dying, she comforted the living, she fed, clothed, sheltered the helpless orphans, the desolate and destitute survivors. All that was her own she freely gave to these; and the servants I had left with her, having orders to supply everything that was wanting to her house from mine, she dispensed unconscious charity from charity; but I was content, for God led her. Unscathed she walked through a thousand perils, her white dress floated among haunts the boldest man could not enter without a shudder; safe as a spirit, she passed along the dreadful streets, always dark with danger at any time, but in this season of anarchy and death, the theatre of every known crime. The sisters of charity, fearless for themselves, paled and trembled for her; ignorant of the risks she ran, serenely facing terrors they prayed for strength to endure. Often she followed or ac-

companied me, whom she appeared to consider in some sort her guardian and protector, and it seemed to me that where she knelt the angels of life and death went hand in hand.

"The plague passed with the cool, frosty days of autumn, and our work ceased—hers and mine. I had time now to consider her position, desolate, unworldly, unprotected; I married her," said the good doctor, sinking his voice. "Not for her beauty, I swear, though I loved it well; not for the innocent, trusting affection, she unconsciously displayed towards me, though it was very dear to me, and has been the blessing of my life; not in pity, for I never dared or desired to compassionate a creature so gifted of God. But the religious houses refused to receive her; she was not fitted to live their life, the good nuns said, and would be best with me, so they wept over her fair head unconscious, and served her wedding robes, and gave her to me in their cloisters, fresh from the love of their pure hearts. I set my house in order for its mistress, for God, I said, has sent his angel unawares.

"Such as you see my wife, she has been always, a breathing statue, an animated automaton, perhaps, to others, ever an angel to me. Physicians say that her mind is disordered; but I, who love her most, know best, that it is only ordered, instead, by a diviner law than ours, an intelligence more sublime, that we cannot comprehend. By their advice, and in justice to her alone, for I do not wish her otherwise, we have changed scenes and climates many times since, but she has never altered. Had God been pleased to give her more to love, she might perhaps have grown to a higher mental stature—I do not know—for the good sisters were right; she exists through her affections, and from their pale life would have flown to Heaven long ago. But the orphans down yonder have found the fountains of her heart, and she loves me, and prays to God, and is not unhappy; while for me, I hold her as a sacred charge, which I am so blessed to keep, that I have but one boon to ask of Heaven, but one prayer to make to le bon Dieu, that I may always guard her innocent life with mine, nor ever leave her again helpless and alone in a world she cannot understand."

The good doctor ceased, leaning his face forwards on his clasped hands. Mina came, weeping, and kissed those gentle hands, and Herman turned away to conceal the tears, of which he was half ashamed, while I—but what does it matter, what I did, since I have remembered at least to tell the story of Dr. Van Frank's Statue?"

EMMA WILMER'S VISIT TO ILLINOIS.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"I am so glad that you came in just as you did, Aunt Mabel?"

"Why, Emma?"

"I will tell you, aunt, if you will promise not to call me conceited and egotistical, as you generally do?"

"I will promise not to call you so, my dear."

"But have the right to think me so, all the same? Well, if you had not entered the room just when you did, I am very sure that Myron Edwards would have asked me to become his wife."

"And you think so, and yet are glad of the interruption?"

"Yes; for my answer would have been anything but satisfactory to him. I cannot afford to lose such a friend as he has ever been to me, but anything nearer, he can never be."

"And why not, pray?"

"Oh, dear! after all I have told you of my hopes and aspirations, aunt, to cling to that idea! I have grown up in his arms, almost. He was a lad in the same twelve by sixteen school-house where I learned my alphabet; he drew me on his hand-sled to school in winter, and, like Mother Goose's little wife, I was often brought home on a wheelbarrow in summer. Because I had no father or brother, he claimed the right of both; and now, that he thinks I am old enough to have a husband, he would be even that. The greatest wonder to me is, that he is not as sick of me as I am of him. To be sure, he occasionally goes away from this little humdrum town; but he comes back as soon as ever he can, and seems as delighted as if there was no other place like this. You will all hear a different story from me, when I am obliged to return from my visit, I assure you. Life was never given me to waste in this manner, I am certain. There is work for me to do, and I am determined to find it."

"Emma?"

"What?"

"Do you dislike Myron Edwards?"

"Certainly not. Why should I? I should as soon think of disliking you, or my own dear mother; but why do you ask?"

"Simply because I wish to know. And now, please to remember this from Aunt Mabel while you are away—do not chase the shadow until you lose the substance."

"Thank you, auntie, I will remember it, and much more of the good advice you have given me. I owe you much; and last, but not least, is for your influence with mother for this trip to Illinois. She would never have consented if it had not been for you. And now I must go to my packing, for you know, early to-morrow morning I turn my face to the setting sun. Oh, how happy I shall be!" and singing a gay refrain, she went lightly to her own room, to make preparation for her first visit of any length from home.

Emma Wilmer was the only child of a widow, living on a liberal income, in a village situated among the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Beautiful, petted and beloved, life should have been to her but a thing of beauty. But, like too many others, she did not appreciate her blessings, but pined for the unattainable. Her reading had been of a desultory character, and those works that gave woman a sphere, to be reached by her own unaided exertions, were her favorites. Romantic and enthusiastic, she was sure she had a mission to perform, if she could only find the chart on which it was laid down. She had searched the little village where she was born, and had lived for eighteen years, through, again and again. It was not there, certainly. But while she was thus unsettled and searching, she received a letter from a cousin residing in Illinois, who had gone to that state as a teacher, and was now "married to a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits." Thus she wrote, and ended by inviting Emma to visit her. At first Mrs. Wilmer would not entertain the idea for an instant. Her darling, her all, the treasure she had held so closely to her heart for eighteen years, to go out among strangers. It must not be; and so she told Mabel, a maiden sister, who had resided with her since her husband's death, that occurred when Emma was an infant.

"But she pines so sadly, sister. Emma is imbued with a morbid fancy that is tinging her whole character. She fancies that she possesses the qualities for a heroine, and only needs to get away from this little village to become one. It is a disease, sister, and should be treated as such. Were she less earnest, loving and self-reliant, I should advise a different course; but as it is, I think her cure will

be perfected by bestowing the favor she asks. Let her go and visit this cousin in her western home, and she will come back convinced that her destiny does not lie in that direction."

"But I am afraid, Mabel, she is going to her destiny. She is certainly as attractive as ever her cousin Maria was, and supposing, like her, she should find a new home there, and finally go from me forever? It would kill me, Mabel."

Aunt Mabel gave a low, mellow laugh. "Never fear, sister; she will come back as free as she goes, and from some things more so. There is a difference between roses and potato blossoms, and Emma is a girl of too good sense not to perceive it."

Mrs. Wilmer at last yielded a reluctant consent, and by it Emma received her first installment of pleasure. But it was not without alloy; for she was a good, kind, loving daughter, and her mother's grieved looks and mute caresses told too plainly of the quivering strings she was straining by this voluntary absence from her. But then here was the opening into the far-away world, of which she had read and thought so much, and seen so little.

Maria had married a merchant, and was, of course, moving in a circle where rich clothing would be expected, and so she put away the uneasy feeling, while she busied herself with replenishing her already good wardrobe.

She was to go in the care of some friends, who were removing still farther west than where her cousin resided.

Her mother and Aunt Mabel accompanied her to the depot, and after she said good-by to each, and was making her way to the car, a hand was laid lightly upon her shoulder. She turned quickly, and the eyes of Myron Edwards were looking into her own with such a longing, wistful expression, that hers sank, and the hand she gave him trembled as it had never done before. He raised it almost reverently to his lips, and with a low—"God bless you, Emma!" resigned her to the friends who were waiting for her.

And soon the train was in motion, and she was hurrying away from the hearts that loved her so well—away from the shadows of the evergreen mountains, that had encircled the home of her childhood. On, on, and still on. Day glided into the arms of night, and was released again, and still she was hurrying on, past beautiful villages, large tracts of woodland, expansive farms, through bustling cities, in sight of ribbon-like rivers, to glimpses of glassy lakes—and still it was on. Chicago! Now

she was in Illinois. How beautiful the picturesque city looked on the shore of Lake Michigan, like a monster vessel, waiting to be launched upon the shimmering waters.

One more change—her station was reached at last. Baggage all right, good-by to friends, and she found herself in a forlorn little town of perhaps a hundred inhabitants. The dwellings were small, and, except the railroad buildings, mostly unpainted; and not a few were quite dilapidated. She found she was still five miles from the "cousin who had married a merchant," and her first inquiry was if there was any regular means of conveyance.

"Wall, I reckon not, if you mean a stage, or the likes o' that," replied the landlady, and who seemed to be fulfilling her mission by acting the entire head of the house.

"You'll hev to ketch a ride I spect. But there's a right smart sprinkling of teams in town to-day, with wheat and corn. There's a man now! an ornary looking critter, but a good honest one for all that. Ho! Mundy, here's a woman what wants to git to B——, to Squire Smith's, ken you gev her a lift?"

"I reckon, if she ken ride on a board? All ready, young woman?"

Emma replied in the affirmative, and was soon pulled into the wagon, her trunks piled in behind, and with a "get up, you old pilgrims!" from the driver, she was making the last stage of her journey. And now, she had an opportunity to take a survey of her driver and his team. The man was tall, lank, awkward and very dirty; his eyes looked in two directions, and in trying to bring the rays of light to a focus, his neck had acquired a curve that left his head on one side. His horses were sorry brutes; one being afflicted with pollevil, and the other with old age. The harness was made up of leather and rope, and the vehicle was an unpainted box, on four wheels, and with a board laid across for a seat. What would Maria and her husband think, of her coming in this plight? But she would stop at the hotel, and perhaps they would not know how she came! Her companion was quite communicative, and as they rode slowly over the prairie, he told her of the place to which she was going.

"It is a right smart little place, and will be as large as B—— station in a few years, I reckon. The railroad makes a powerful sight of difference; but then it is only five miles to it. Squire Smith, that you are going to see, is a mighty help to our place. Ye see, he goes

to Chicarger and buys a heap of store-things, and lets folks have em on credit, till their wheat and corn comes off; and thin he takes it to the station, and gits his money. Sometimes he loses a little, by bad debts, but not often; he is right peert, and keeps his eyes open. Nothing dowsy 'bout him."

Poor Emma! she sat and listened, or seemed to listen; but she was so weary and confused, that his words seemed but the fancies of a troubled dream.

But at last, her crooked-necked driver brought his jaded team up, before a miserable looking building, that seemed trying to hide its uncouth proportions, unfinished walls, broken windows and dirty curtains, behind two scraggy trees, that served as posts to support a sign, giving information that "Refreshments could be found for man and beast, also, Tame Hay."

Emma Wilmer was awake now. This was the place; there could be no mistake. She inquired for, and was directed to the dwelling of Mr. Smith. It was a larger building than the tavern, but consisted of grain depot, dry goods store, grocery, and private residence, all under one roof. The last named, was farthest from the road, and was eked out, by a lean-to that served as a kitchen.

The poor tired traveller was received with true Western hospitality; but she could not hide her disappointment, and pleading weariness, she was soon shown to a little room, not larger than her dress-closet at home; where she yielded herself to the most bitter tears she had ever shed in her whole life. And this was all! this was her introduction into the great world! this was her sphere of usefulness! for this she had grieved the kindest of mothers, acted in opposition to the judgment of her dear old aunt, thrown back the love of Myron Edwards! Oh! how grand and noble he seemed to her now! How the cadence of his gentle "God bless you, Emma!" haunted her memory like soft music.

Home-sickness is a magnifying-glass for past blessings; and in that little eight-by-ten chamber, Emma Wilmer told herself again and again, that she was an idiot! that she was the most ungrateful child, that was ever blessed with an Eden home; that Eve's crime was lenient compared with hers; and dear thought-ful Myron Edwards! He had but one fault, and that showed itself in love for her. And she had come to remain three months! she should go mad in one! And so she wept and struggled, like a snared bird, while her really

kind friends thought she was sleeping away the fatigues of her journey.

And thus hours passed, and she thought she slept, and dreamed. But her physician, and those around her, knew that only reason slumbered, while the poor fevered brain labored with an intensity, that threatened to still the delicate machinery forever. The poor foolish child had kept herself buoyed up by excitement and anticipation; then two sleepless nights on the cars, and, lastly, her bitter disappointment and home-sickness, had done their work, and she was prostrated by brain fever, and death was wrestling fiercely for his prey. A telegram summoned the mother to her bedside; and it was pitiful to note her agony, when she found that her darling did not recognize her. Her only, and so dear, and floating away to the spirit land a stranger to her.

But although the invalid did not recognize her, she was only quiet when she was by her. Her touch, of all others, would soothe her, and holding the caressing hand tightly upon her throbbing head, she would whisper, "Sing to me as my mother used to sing! the dear kind mother, who is so grieved in her lonely home."

And then the almost heart-broken mother would quiver forth the cradle songs, that had hushed her infant slumbers. It was a fearful struggle, but was ended at last, and the poor worn-out watcher was enabled to thank God that her child was given back.

It was many days before the physician would allow her to commence her homeward journey; and in those days she had time to con over the bitter lesson she had learned. The kind friends to whom she owed so much, never knew how much she expected of them, and when she bade them farewell, innocently thought that nothing but her unlucky illness had prevented her having the best visit possible.

The rich dresses prepared with so much toil and expense, were not unpacked, until they were returned to her own rooms that now appeared so large and luxurious. These dear old rooms, they were a whole little world of themselves; and here, she would stay, until her mission manifested itself. No more hunting for giants and finding only wind-mills.

When the weary mother and faded daughter reached home, Myron Edwards was absent from town; and rumor said there was a lady in the case. Emma Wilmer's heart sank like lead in her bosom, when she heard it, and she

aid her little wasted hand in Aunt Mabel's, and said, with such a sunless smile—

"I am afraid, auntie, I have been chasing a shadow, and lost the substance."

"Don't talk about shadows until you look less like one yourself," replied the kind-hearted old maid, while her eyes grew moist. "This is a pretty hand"—and she held it up to the light—"to bring back to me, after all the trouble I had to get you away!"

"Well, it is my own, at any rate; I did not bestow it on a merchant while I was gone. You are glad of that, I know."

"Yes, I am glad that you are here, and alive, darling, and"—

Just then Aunt Mabel caught the glimpse of a figure at the window and hurried from the

room, determined not to prove a marplot this time. A moment more, and Myron Edwards was in the room, and gazing, too surprised to speak, upon this wreck of his boyhood's idol. She arose to meet him, but a strange dizziness seized her, and she sank back upon the sofa she had just left. In an instant he was by her side, and supporting the swaying form. And before he released her, he had obtained her promise, that he might have the right to thus support and protect her, so long as they both should live.

Five years have passed since then; and Emma Edwards, now a happy wife and mother, finds the care of her family her mission, and her beautiful, love-lit home, her sphere.

LOST LOVE.

BY GRACE GLENN.

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

And Erie Vane, untying the muslin curtains and letting them fall in shadowy stillness over the moonlight streaming through the open window, wondered why.

The soft summer evening air scarcely stirred the thin drapery, and the smooth white walls that she had refused to have covered except there and there by some gem art had caught from nature and saved in pictured semblance, reflected an even and soothingly gentle light through the room, giving to all things distinctness and individuality without the rough revealings of clearer rays.

Satin slippers never met the deepest Brussels with more quiet elasticity than Erie's bare feet glided over the uncarpeted floor of her room, as she laid aside the garments of the day and donned a snowy *robe de nuit*, pausing before the small dressing-bureau, a part of whose top served for book-shelf as well, and taking down the plain braids of her golden-brown hair to disentangle a sprig of myrtle and white phlox.

Then going again to the window she looked out into the great calm, the bright eyes of the arching sky looking down on the sweet sleeping face of earth—and Erie's glance took in a landscape of more than ordinary beauty.

Over the undulating fields two small white farm-houses rose against the wooded background; the old brown, low-roofed cottage scarcely distinct except that it shut out for a

little space the mirror-like lake beyond—the red brick domicile in the hollow, half pretentious, half a failure, adding more in variety than in richness or grandeur, and telling unconsciously of the "gentility without ability" of its inmates, and nearer the humbly inviting church on the hill, back of which and adown the slope white marbles peered from under drooping willows, or raised their silent faces unveiled, telling their own stories of earth's broken dreams—while close underneath the flowers and vines her hands had trained received her falling tears, a tribute to the memories that had linked themselves with every familiar object, and broken up the hitherto unstirred depths of her soul.

The clock in the hall below counted eleven, and Erie started from the casement where she had been leaning, a moment her lips quivered, and then settled into an expression of firm resolve, as she murmured, "I must know. I will bear this suspense no longer."

And now, perhaps, incredulous reader, as a test of my veracity, you ask of all this, "*how do I know?*" Take the echo's answer, "*I know,*" and be content. Or if you have excused me in your mind by "never expecting story writers to tell the truth," I do not thank you for your compliment, for under another name, Erie Vane is a living reality.

The "express" whistled its greeting at the

busy station of St. J——, passengers vacated their seats and jumped from the steps, and others entered to take their places—the postmaster exchanged mail-bags, and hurried to his office, where men, women and children gathered tiptoeing up to look over other people's shoulders into "my box," and turned away empty-handed and heavy-hearted, or clasping in their fingers a magic slip bearing to the beholder only a simple name but to them a wonderful something which sent over their faces the index of answering impulses that for the moment would not be controlled.

The last footstep was beating its retreat from the door, and the "deputy" arranging the remaining papers as the "chief executive" of that department went towards the window where the twilight just began to glimmer, adjusting his spectacles as he walked, and concentrating their powers upon the envelope in his hand, daintily directed—

"Postmaster,

"St. J——."

Tearing it open, he read—

"Oakville, June 20, 188—

"DEAR SIR:—I intrude thus upon your time and attention because I know no one else of whom to inquire of a gentleman named J. R. Marshall, who lived near your place the last I knew of him. He was my teacher four years ago last term, and since then I have only seen him once, and seldom received any direct intelligence respecting him.

"Rumor has at one time told of his marriage, and lately that he died a soldier, and I wish to know the reality if you will write what you know or can conveniently learn of him in the enclosed envelope.

Yours,

"MISS ERIE VANE."

"Marshall, Marshall," he repeated, abstractedly. "Giles, do you know of any one named Marshall in town?"

"Not directly in town, sir, except Captain Gray's wife, who was a Miss Marshall."

"Well, here, take this, go and find out what you can and write to-morrow. There's a tear-stained page in somebody's history, I'm thinking from this little fly-leaf, but I can't bother with it," and he tossed the note and envelopes on the desk.

"A letter for Miss Vane." The man bowed and withdrew, as "Mary," Erie's older cousin and adopted sister, took it from him, saying, she would deliver it.

There were guests in the parlor, and Erie

was unusually gay. Her eyes had more than their wonted sparkle, and the faint pink of her cheeks deepened almost to crimson as she moved with a feverish restlessness hither and thither, unwittingly making herself the object of attraction while she sought to lead the party into amusements that should entertain each other. As Mary returned, tall, and with a gentle, almost matronly dignity, Erie looked up for an instant with eager inquiry, almost pleading, in her face, shaking Mary's resolution to retain the missive until they were alone, and she reached it towards her.

A moment Erie held it in her hand; should she trust herself to read whether he yet lived! and now the might of that hope began to falter—or should she crush back the longing and wait still more tedious hours? No, she had braved inquiry so long, and hidden all in her own soul, had spoken his name calmly and coldly—she would prove her strength by another great test, unless perhaps he had written himself; Erie had imagined what he would say when she remembered and sought him out after those years of separation; so she asked, "would they excuse her if she just looked inside?"

And so she cut the end of the envelope, with forced composure, and drew out her own note, answered on one of its blank pages.

"Died in hospital," was all she comprehended, except that she must be perfectly calm, must crush back all the heart-breaking to be as others believed her—and she turned back with a smile to make them happy.

And she thought she could deceive them; she believed that actions only would tell her great agony, and her self-control should not suffer.

A strange pressure in her head made her almost dizzy, but she laid her hand on the table to prove that it was all imagination, and without daring to step until more perfectly poised, glanced at the faces about her. They did not answer her smile, and she asked, with a laugh, "what had frightened them into such solemnity?" she "had not thought they would be offended."

"Erie, Erie, are you faint?" and a strong hand grasped her own. She withdrew it instantly, with a negative exclamation, and with an effort catching her breath to smother the groan that had almost escaped with her words, she moved forward, and in the act saw the reflection of her face in a mirror opposite.

She started back for it stared at her like a moving corpse. All the pain of death was

written in the ashen lips, and features that sickness had never before made so pale, the smile was a mockery of life, and yet the eyes told of a soul within.

Then the tide of feeling overpowered her, and trembling the gushing tears blinded her and choked her voice, and handing the letter to Mary, she sought refuge in her own room.

—
"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

And Erie in the new strength and beauty of her womanhood never stops to ask "why better?"

When the star of that life faded she learned how bright even from afar had been its light over her pathway.

"Faded," did I say? Oh, no, risen; and from its upward flight fell back a mantle to her who had not even watched its receding, and Erie girded the robe of that pure Faith about her, and tried to walk in the way where he had followed the Father.

And lost as he had been to her through those years, she remembered his parting words, and brought them forth now for a sweet support in place of the long treasured hope that they might meet again on earth—"never turn backwards Erie, but in all you undertake press vigorously towards the future that I believe will yet bring you glory."

Erie had been ambitious, a golden ladder had sat before her, and she had climbed, and yet from the heights no "glory" was so sweet, no homage so precious as words of the past that sent through her soul their echoes now. Prayers that had risen from his lips in the old school-room had waited an answer until her own joined them before the Mercy Seat, and the All-helping one gave the boon of His guidance and guardianship.

"Died in hospital," after weary suffering, alone. Too late to clasp the hand of the dying one, or raise the weary head in its last look of earth; too late to tell him how his charge had been fulfilled and the agony of his great heart not all in vain; too late to lay fair flowers around the broad, full brow on its last pillow, or bend over the lowering form ere the cold clods of earth shut it away forever; but not too late, thank God, to look upwards and find one more glorious treasure in heaven, not too late to give other hearts words of peace and hope the world had denied her, not too late to live for others' loved ones as would that she might know others had toiled for him in her stead, not too late to earn the welcome-home and the

great reward, "She hath done what she could."

He had never married, and Erie recalled the keen glance of a revengeful suitor as he tried to probe her heart by the falsehood, and forgave him the cruelty he sought to inflict, knowing the Father had sanctified to her good and for those whose rough ways she could smooth and soften—all the mournful longings of her "Lost Love."

UPWARD.

BY BARBARA JOHNS.

Though clouds of sorrow lower,

Yield not to discontent;

But midst the darkness and the gloom,

Bless God for sunshine sent;

Look upward with unwavering faith!

Hope's brightness gayly borrow,

And recollect though dark to-day,

It may be bright to-morrow.

Yield not to ceaseless, vain regrets!

It is no balm for woe;

It cannot close the hidden spring,

From whence the withering flow;

Forget not, that afflictions deep,

By God's own grace are sent;

The one most precious is refined,

For water—rock was rent.

Then in thy journey through this life,

If trials thou shouldst meet,

And sorrow's thorns are strewed along,

Beneath thy very feet,

Look up, beyond this weary earth,

To heaven's starry sphere,

And pray that pure and steadfast faith

May fill thy soul e'en here.

Onward! bend not beneath the load,

Affliction doth repine;

Let sweet affection 'round thy heart

Her tenderest links entwine;

Let holy feelings of content,

Repose within thy breast,

March onward in the path of right,

And leave to God the rest.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offence;

Let it pass!

Anger is a foe of sense;

Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong

Which will disappear ere long;

Rather sing this cheery song—

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

WEARING DIAMONDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Miss Raymond looks beautiful to-night," said a young man, speaking to a lady who stood near him.

I turned towards Miss Raymond, who had not particularly attracted my attention. The beauty did not strike me, so I listened for the lady's answer. Touching Miss Raymond's face, let me say that it was of an approved oval, that the features were regular and the complexion good—lips full and ruddy; eyes large, but glassy, rather than what we call brilliant, as if lighted from without instead of from within.

"Her diamonds are beautiful." Ah, said I to myself, as the reply came, ladies are quick to see below the surface, or else apt to deal uncharitably with each other.

"Do you think them more beautiful than her face?" was asked.

"Her face would show to better advantage without the diamonds."

"If I did not know you so well, I would think you annoyed by Miss Raymond's display of costly jewels, or in some way prejudiced against her."

"I am neither annoyed nor prejudiced," answered the lady, smiling on her companion.

"You disapprove of diamonds."

"No." And she lifted her hand in a careless way, just touching, for a moment, one of her cheeks with a jewelled finger. I saw the sparkle of a brilliant gem.

"Why are they not becoming to Miss Raymond?"

"Because she does not know how to wear them."

"They lie on her bosom and depend from her ears. I see no difference between her manner of wearing them and that of other ladies."

"Perhaps there is not a great deal of difference. Few ladies wear diamonds well."

"Ah, I was not aware of this. Then there is an art in diamond wearing, as in everything else?"

"If you choose to call it art. Certain it is that few women wear diamonds in public without letting sharp observers see a weak side in their characters."

I was interested, and joined the lady and her young friend.

"You are one of the sharp observers," said the young man, smiling.

"I generally see what is to be seen," answered the lady.

"You said just now," I remarked, "that few ladies wear diamonds well. Like our young friend, I must own that the thing is not clear. Wearing diamonds has ever seemed to me a simple matter enough. All the difficulty in the case, to my apprehension, lies in getting them."

"Your difficulty is the smallest," she said.

"Any sutler's wife, for instance, whose husband has got rich in selling goods to soldiers at double the fair market price, may hang diamonds in her ears, and circle her wrists and fingers with them. But the wearing of these choicest of gems in a womanly manner is a very different thing."

"What do you mean when you say in a womanly manner," I asked.

"I answer, by way of approach to my true meaning, in the word—unconsciously."

"A good actor may appear to do this."

"She must be a good actor, indeed, who does not betray her thought of diamonds, if she wear them ostentatiously, or, in other words, sets a higher value on herself because of her diamonds," replied the lady. "But what I really mean by wearing them in a womanly manner, is to regard them as inferior to personal qualities, mere ornaments that please the eye, but add nothing to individual worth. They should be worn by a lady as other parts of her attire are worn, when she goes abroad, so as to give pleasing effect to her style of person, and to be no more thought of after she has completed and approved her toilette than any other portion of her dress. In company, the graces of mind should be first."

"You remarked that Miss Raymond's face would show to better advantage without her diamonds," said the young man. "What did you really mean by this?"

"Simply that in the expression of her face you read the consciousness of diamonds. Take away the gems, and her countenance will be far more pleasing to look upon. If you were her lover, as I know you are not, which would you regard as most beautiful, the light of true

thoughts in her face, or the reflected light of diamonds? The consciousness of ornament or the consciousness of virtue? Don't understand me as seeking to lower your estimate of Miss Raymond. She has many good qualities, and is far superior to numbers who are here to-night. But she is wearing her gift of diamonds for the first time, and cannot forget their brilliance."

"That would be difficult for almost any lady," said I.

"Or for any gentleman, either," was answered. "Put a thousand dollar pin in your bosom, and wear it for the first time in company, and my word for it, it will spoil the true effect as a man quite as much as Miss Raymond's diamonds are spoiling her true effect as a woman to-night."

Perhaps my tone had, unwittingly, expressed a shade of sarcasm towards the sex, for the lady's voice was a little changed from its soft and even quality.

"I shall not argue that point with you," said I, laughingly. "Human nature is very weak, and men, like women, are human. Still, a weakness for diamonds is specially attributed to your sex, and I only spoke in reference to this alleged weakness. No doubt, we are infirm in our degree. Very sure am I that the thousand dollar pin your lively imagination furnished would be in great danger of spoiling my effect as a man on the first appearance. The danger, however, in this direction is not imminent."

The lady's remark set me thinking and observing in a new direction. The diamonds of Miss Raymond were exceedingly brilliant. Every now and then, as she changed the position of her body, or moved about the room, their light flashed into my eyes, and drew my attention towards the wearer. I soon saw for myself that she was one of those who did not know how to wear such costly ornaments; that they took from, instead of increasing her attractions. Just a little too erect did she carry her person. In her air, movements, tone of voice, expression of face, you could see a consciousness of diamonds.

There were other ladies in the room with jewels as rich. Naturally, in my new line of thought, attention rested on these. I must see whether they knew how to wear diamonds or not. It was a curious study. Mrs. L—— had a magnificent bracelet, that dazzled you when the lights struck on it fairly. It was plain, after a few minutes' observation, by the way she carried her arm, that her splendid

ornament was never absent from her thought. It was all the while getting into good positions, all the while so exhibiting the diamonds that you could not help admiring their brilliancy. Now, something drew the tip of one finger to her ear; now her hand rested for a moment or two against her bosom, and now her lace-bordered handkerchief was held to her mouth. The wrist was hardly ever in repose—you saw perpetual coruscations of light.

As an actor, Mrs. L—— certainly knew how to wear diamonds, for in all these changes she hid, except from keen eyes, her own unflinching consciousness; but not as a woman, for inversely to their brilliance shone the jewels in her crown of womanhood. You saw that she was more desirous to be well esteemed for what she possessed than for what she was. Now and then, you read her thoughts in her less guarded moments. You were certain that she was saying to herself—"My diamonds eclipse all others." And at the same time you saw real beauty fading from her countenance.

Miss O—— had on her bosom a diamond cross. Satisfied in regard to Mrs. L——, I turned my eyes from her, and kept Miss O—— under observation for some time. She had rather a plain, though intelligent face; her eyes were good, and lighted up beautifully when she became animated in conversation. I soon saw that the large, glittering cross was detracting from the just effect of her countenance, and I also noticed a certain air of constraint, as if she were holding herself to some unnatural position. With the rising and falling of her bosom, the diamonds sent forth an unceasing flood of rainbow light.

Entering into conversation with Miss O——, whom I knew very well, I found her less interesting than usual. Her mind, which was good, and very well stored, did not act with its ordinary vitality. Thought fluttered low, and with feeble wings. "What does this mean?" I asked myself. "Is she thinking about the effect of her diamonds? Not once did her fine eyes flash with the brilliancy I had so often admired, and which kindled almost into beauty her scarcely attractive face. As for the light blazing out from the cross, that threw only shadows upon her countenance.

"I'm afraid she doesn't know how to wear diamonds," said I, turning from my young friend, in some disappointment. "Evidently she is thinking about them. She would have appeared to better advantage if she had left them at home."

An opal, encircled with diamonds, rested on

a taper finger. The hand was still. I noticed a single gleam of emerald light. The hand had slightly moved. Then a red ray, warm and brilliant, shot out from the jewelled finger—white and violet came next in arrowy sharpness. Then only the pale green of the opal, holding its concealed fires in its heart, was visible.

"More diamonds," said I, observing the wearer, a woman of thirty, with delicately cut, almost classic features. She was in conversation with a gentleman, and, evidently, so much interested as to have scarcely any thoughts below her theme. The play of light over her face was charming, full of feeling and intelligence. Occasionally, as her interest increased, she would lift the jewelled hand in some spontaneous movement, and then how the diamonds blazed! At such times they were, to my eyes, the choicest in that room, adding to the lady's attractions, for they were worn unconsciously. The hand was so white, and moulded with such symmetry, that the gems increased its beauty.

"I have been examining the diamond wearers," said I to the lady, whose remarks had given my thoughts this new direction. It was near the evening's close.

She smiled, as she asked—

"And how many wear these gems with womanly unconsciousness?"

"Not many," I replied.

"How many?"

"One."

"Only one!"

"Only one, with that perfect unconsciousness which gives their true effect."

"You mean Mrs. B——?"

"Yes."

"She is one in a hundred. But then, Mrs. B—— has worn them for a great many years. It is in your recent possessor that you are apt to see the thought of diamonds."

"Mrs. L——," I replied, "might wear them for a score of years, and yet never with the true grace; for it is plain to be seen that she considers herself as having a higher social value in consequence of the diamonds. A poor compliment she pays to her personal worth. But I think society will rate her very nearly at her own estimate of herself, and set down her diamonds as the best part of her."

"Too severe," said the lady. "You are unjust to Mrs. L——. She is weak in a certain direction; but underneath her love of dress and ornament lies one of the kindest of hearts. Mrs. B—— is more cultivated and

intellectual, and lives in a region of mind above that of Mrs. L——. She cares more for literature, art, and the higher things into which refined tastes enter; but, if I were sick, troubled, or in need of a friend, I would go past her, and find in Mrs. L—— a warm and sympathetic nature. All have weaknesses," added the lady, "and according to your notion women have a weakness for diamonds; but we must be careful how we set weaknesses over to the side of positive evils. It is by no means conclusive against a woman's good qualities of heart that she is not able to conceal her consciousness of wearing diamonds. We may smile at her weakness; but true charity admonishes us to hold in suspended judgment all beyond what actual observation has not verified."

I acknowledged the reproof, and stood corrected. Since then I have been inclined to notice diamond wearers with a closer observation than before.

The result of this observation does not give a very different report from that made on the evening above referred to, viz: that few persons know how to wear diamonds with the proper grace.

CLIMBING HILLS.

For I am always climbing hills, and ever passing on,
Hoping on some high mountain path to find my Father's throne,
For hitherto I've only found His footsteps in the stone.

And in my wanderings I have met a spirit-child like me,
Who laid her trusting hand in mine, so fearlessly and free,
That so together we have gone, climbing continually!

For they are near our common home, and so in trust we go,
Climbing and climbing on and on, whither we do not know,
Not waiting for the mournful dark, but for the dawning glow.

Clasp my hand closer yet my child, a long way we have come,
Clasp my hand closer yet my child, for we have far to roam,
Climbing and climbing, till we reach our Heavenly Father's home.

WHETHER IT PAID.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVI.

The vicinity of Berry Plains to the transient home of the Rochfords afforded every facility to any missionary projects which they might entertain for the behoof of the Spencers. It is hardly probable, however, notwithstanding Fletcher's suggestion, that benevolence was the controlling purpose in the minds of any of the party on the afternoon in which they rode over to the Daggett homestead.

As they drove into the wide lane that bounded the orchard and the rambling garden beyond, voices rang through the still summer air, young, eager, bright, with little gleeful interludes and shouts of laughter, which sounded so pleasantly that they stopped and listened for a moment.

It was easy enough even from that distance to distinguish tones and words, and to define the general position of the speakers. They were evidently having a high frolic over some fruit gathering, one of the number being mounted in a tree, where he was bent on fun of some sort, regardless of the merry expostulations of the others. And amid all the rest they could hear one voice, one laugh, clear, full, and yet with a sweet under gurgle in it, like a child's, or like some little flash of a brook, half of whose waters have tripped up among stones, and found their way out again—a laugh that told its own story of sweet, sunny, happy deeps of nature, which nothing had soured and darkened yet; there might be other sides, not so fair nor lovely, but there was this one also.

The gentlemen and the ladies smiled, listening to the mirth. "I think," suggested Angelina, "it would be as well to drive on, Fletcher. It seems too bad to interfere with their 'frolic.'"

"We need not, my dear; only let them see that we know what fun is, too."

"For my part, I feel just like joining it," added Sicily; and probably the doctor did, as he drove on.

There they were, Tom Spencer mounted in the highest branches of a gnarled old peach-tree, while on the grass beneath were scattered Rusha, and Lucy, and Esther Daggett, gathering the fruit which that mischievous youth, who had them entirely at his mercy, evidently

enjoyed dashing down at intervals in a way that was hardly agreeable to unprotected heads.

A picturesque little trio—even Rusha had her sun-hat off, and the sleeves of her light muslin tucked up, so that wind and sun could do their best with her complexion, which in truth was considerably browned since her advent at Berry Plains; but this was more than compensated for by the rich glow of cheek and lip, across which the fine brown hair was blown.

"There, Tom!" as another shower rattled down through the leaves—"I do believe it was your intention to break all our heads, when you proposed getting up into that tree," laughed Rusha, and one of the hardest peaches thumped her forehead.

"When he comes down, Rusha, which he will have to do some time, we'll take our revenge," said Esther.

Rusha made a threatening pantomime with her doubled fists to the figure rocking in provoking indifference up there among the branches, and then—caught sight of the carriage and its occupants.

Her position was certainly anything but dignified, but she seemed fated to come upon the Rochfords in unexpected ways—it was too late to hide herself—she must make the best of circumstances.

"Good afternoon, ladies!" saluted the doctor, as he removed his hat, and announced himself to the party.

Lucy and Esther were dismayed into a moment's silence, and so Rusha recovered herself first.

"Good afternoon!" brushing the hair away from her eyes; and before she could say more, their guest was amongst them, shaking hands with each in that hearty, informal way, which was sure to set them at their ease. "Hullo, Spencer! want any help up there?"

"I want some down there, for the girls have been threatening my life when I descend," laughed Tom, as he hurried down the tree.

By this time Rusha had made her way to the carriage, a little pretty confusion and apology in her face, which the ladies' greeting put to flight even before the others joined her.

"If you'll drive around to the house, we'll meet you by the time you reach the front door," proposed one of the girls.

To this the doctor would by no means consent. He affirmed that he should immediately return with his sisters, unless they were allowed to join in finishing the peaches and the fun, and the Misses Rochford made a point of it before they alighted.

Thus reinforced, the whole party returned, and the new guests entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion. If the Daggett girls were disposed to a little shyness at first, the manner of the Rochfords soon dispelled it, and the merriment suffered no abatement.

The doctor ascended the tree with Tom, and there was a double pelting of fruit, until the girls actually cried for mercy, and throughout all, lively jests, laughter, raillery, gave a new zest to the work and play.

"I haven't seen you turn the boy side out like this for a long time, Fletcher," laughed Angeline, when the young men descended the tree, and they commenced a general assault on the great pile of peaches, whose ripe gold was streaked with the hot crimson, which the summer's long passion of kisses had left there.

"When a man forgets how to go back into his boyhood, beware of him, Angeline. You may be sure something hard, and dry, and selfish, has cruised over his manhood," replied the doctor, selecting the choicest of the fruit, and distributing it among the ladies.

"And how is it with woman?" asked Sicily, in her bright, pert way.

"Of course, the rule works both ways. A woman that has forgotten her girlhood, with its freshness, its hopes, its dreams, its aspirations, it were better for that woman if she had died."

"And its romps!" laughed Sicily, and she darted off like a deer, sending back a little defiant laugh to her brother, for she had a family renown for fleetness.

The doctor could not fail to accept this challenge, and started after her. The race was very amusing to those who watched it with shouts and clapping of hands, for Sicily had so far the advantage at the start that she managed to elude her brother for some time, darting in and out among the trees of the old orchard; but at last he caught and brought her back, flushed and panting.

After this, matters progressed swimmingly. The whole party was in an exceptional mood of hilarity, such as the day and the circumstances inspired, and when each was regaled to the full, they all had a ramble, with plenty of side issues of romps through the orchard, which wore its century of summers in

a bounty of verdure and gnarled, mossy trunks, bounded by a little blue band of a stream, suggestive of rod and line to the young men. They discovered that they had one enthusiasm in common, and the talk converged in a mutual agreement on a fishing sail the next day.

Meanwhile, the Daggett sisters had slipped off to the house, to acquaint its hospitable hostess with the new reinforcement of guests, and so Rusha and the young ladies were thrown upon each others' society, an opportunity which all parties seemed inclined to improve. The time and circumstances opened the way for freedom of conversation otherwise impossible, and this soon settled into graver channels. The natures of the three women were too earnest for a continual sparkle. The talk soon touched on books, art, and a variety of kindred topics.

How Rusha enjoyed it. They seemed to have many tastes in common here. And then she contrasted their fresh, earnest, suggestive thoughts with the silly gossip and barren chatter of the young girls who formed their set at home. It was Rusha's misfortune that she had not been thrown into the society of thoughtful, cultivated men and women, and the Rochfords were quite a new revelation to her. Their thoughts entered hers like blossom and perfume; she felt their finer atmosphere. Without actually introducing any moral subjects into the desultory talk, she felt the secret influence of higher aims and intents of life.

She fancied that this was the sort of one after which, through all its mistakes and defeats, her soul was constantly reaching—the ideal of grace, culture, earnestness, which her nature in its best moments discerned.

At last the two young men having settled piscatory themes and projects, joined them, and they went up to the homestead where a beaming welcome awaited them from the hostess.

They would only give real pain by declining her cordial invitation to supper, and having the tact to perceive this, the Rochfords accepted it, in the spirit in which it was offered.

The dark, old-fashioned parlor, with its cool curtains of clambering vines brought a soberer mood to them all. Something suggested the war, a topic that always cast a shadow on Rusha's face.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I am haunted everywhere by the far off echo of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and all the dreadful sounds of the battle-field, and if they are drowned for a little while, in some mood of fun

and frolic, they come back again and seem to reproach me."

"That is what I was telling you this morning, Fletcher," added Angelina.

"And I must tell Miss Spencer what I did you, that no battle-field ever reproaches us for the innocent enjoyment that makes us love our country more and serve her better when the time comes."

"Good!" exclaimed Tom. "I wish I'd thought of that when Rusha came down on us at Saratoga."

"But that was not 'innocent enjoyment,' but expensive dissipation, Tom," said his sister.

"And there lies the whole difference," added the doctor. "The poor fellows down there, will not fight any the worse for their innocent songs, and jokes, and home stories in camp."

"Then you really think, doctor, that a man may laugh, or crack a joke occasionally, and be a Christian?"

This question, coming from Tom, surprised Rusha, for though the tones were light, something in the manner showed that he was interested.

"Of course I do. I believe that religion is something that dwelling in a man's heart shall make it sing with gladness and gratitude. Why, the very winds play—the grass under our feet—the flowers that shine amongst it—the leaves of the trees—the streams that go singing to the sea—the stars overhead flutter, and leap, and laugh with the joy of life. And God's voice speaks to us by day and by night through these, His messengers, if we will only listen, believe, and understand."

"But," said Tom, surprising Rusha yet more as he pursued the subject, "you know what a dreary, doleful, long-faced affair most folks make of religion. It's enough to drive a fellow off at the very name."

"And it is a shameful libel on the thing, Tom. I do not deny, I most confidently assert, that as true religion must soften and mellow any character, so it must make one serious, earnest, thoughtful, but gloomy, stern, ascetic—never, and I cannot sufficiently deplore or condemn the custom which invests Love and Faith with such unattractive features. How many of the young this false doctrine drives into wrong ways of belief and practice, God only knows."

"I remember when I was a small chap, and went to the infant school, my teacher required me to learn as a punishment for every little negligence or misdemeanor, certain texts from

the Bible. To this day, and probably for all my life to come, I cannot entirely get over the old repulsive sensation with which I used to sit on the low, hard bench, and try to hammer those verses into my memory.

"The old association wraps their beauty and tenderness partly away from me in a cloud. I shall never enter into their sweet meaning as I otherwise should. I have been partly defrauded of their wisdom and comfort by that mistake of the man who no doubt meant the very best thing."

Of an almost painfully susceptible temperament, Rusha had, from a child, been either terrified or depressed when her mother talked of religion. Mrs. Spencer had, what Andrew very irreverently called a "pious face," and she always assumed it when she talked "good" to her children—a face which there was no mistaking—a long-drawn, solemn, dreary countenance, which was certain to drive them from the room, if they could invent any excuse for getting away. But was this not the religion that Rusha wanted, she asked herself—something strengthening and sweetening life—something that could enter into its playfulness even, and give that a fairer innocence—something real and vital, imparting some deeper joy to her gladdest hours, touching her darkest ones with its illuminating beam—something constant, changeless, eternal, that should stand her through all loss, and bitterness, and grief—something that should give meaning and sanctity to the life that even now lay sometimes so heavy and weary a burden upon her youth—something that should add its new force to and touch with a beam of eternal glory all the duties and relations of life, and soothe if it might not utterly banish the dreary sickness of that feeling with which her soul often echoed, the cry wailing down through all the long centuries of human life, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

Such thoughts as these thronged through Rusha's soul, and the doctor half divined them, as she sat there with her silent, thoughtful face.

But at this moment, the entrance of Mrs. Daggett, flushed from her kitchen, with her spouse arrayed for the occasion in his Sunday broadcloth, gave a new direction to the conversation.

Nobody could help liking the blunt, hearty manner of Farmer Daggett, and sensible people of all conditions appreciated the honest, homespun manliness of his character. He at once fell into a talk with the doctor, which took

the conversational highways from the weather to the crops, and from that to the war, and the two men were deep in this when supper was announced.

The long table laid in the cool old sitting-room, with its snowy linen and ancient blue china, certainly did credit to Mrs. Daggett's remarkable domestic faculty. On this occasion she had almost surpassed herself. Berry Farm had a reputation of affording the richest cream, the finest butter, the freshest and daintiest of everything that its soil yielded, or its dairy perfected.

Such a bill of fare as that table presented! And the people who gathered around it brought to light biscuit, and daintily browned chicken, to golden cake, to honey, and fruits, and cream, such appetites as mountain and sea air impart.

And when the pleasant, home-like meal was over at last, Sicily laughingly averred that her brother had set an example of breaking his own dietetic rules, a fact which the gentleman admitted, but laid the responsibility at Mrs. Daggett's door. And in this mood they returned to the parlor, and had what Rusha called an "evening without a flaw."

The doctor discussed politics for a portion of it with the farmer, and then gave the company some interesting passages from a month's voyage which he had once made on the Nile; and Angeline Rochford, who had unconsciously deepened the impression that their first interview had made upon Tom, chatted with that youth and Sicily, and Rusha had their own little quiet talk, in which the Daggett girls mingled, although it had a tendency to get beyond their depth.

Some time during the evening, Mr. Daggett, recalling some reminiscence of the past, turned suddenly to Rusha, saying "That happened the year your father took that little grocery down by the pond, Rushy."

Tom's eyes met hers—a little amused smile flashed betwixt them. There were times when such an exposé of family antecedents would certainly have embarrassed Rusha, but this evening she was in her highest mood, and she was certain, moreover, that this disclosure would not weigh one feather with the people to whom it was made.

With a quiet simplicity, which had in it no shadow of disturbance, she turned now to Sicily Rochford, remarking, in explanation, "When we were children, papa kept a country grocery store in Mystic, and the Daggetts were at that time our nearest neighbors and friends."

"Brought up as she had been," said Sicily, afterwards, in commenting on this circumstance to her brother and sister, "there was something morally sublime in that speech. I wanted to turn round and kiss her that very moment."

After the guests had departed that evening, Rusha and Tom sat alone a little while.

"Tom," said Rusha, breaking a little silence, "these people are not like those that make our society at home!"

"That's a fact. I told you so the first time I saw Miss Rochford. I know the real article when I meet it."

"Their whole life, thought, aims, are so different," pursued Rusha. "They are not absorbed in dress nor display, nor running after position, nor any of those petty things which are the idols of our set. It is refreshing to know such people. I have had a glimpse into a higher, stronger life, and it makes me sick of mine."

Tom's silence was a kind of acquiescence. Men and boys do not analyze their feelings and sentiments as women do. Suddenly he broke into a laugh—

"What do you 'spose Ella would have done, Rusha, when the 'country grocery store' leaked out?"

Rusha joined in merrily.

"What would she, Tom! I can imagine her look of horror! But, somehow, I didn't mind the least—I might though under some circumstances."

"The Rochfords wouldn't think the less of us, for anything of that sort," proving that Tom had read them wisely. "These are people of real good sense for you."

"Yes; but, Tom, it isn't their good sense, nor their breeding, nor their cultivation that makes them just the sort of people they are. It's something that underlies all these."

"It's what the doctor meant this afternoon when he called it religion, I suppose, but I must say it's a different article from any I ever met with before under that name."

"I must say it is, Tom."

"Now, this kind of religion," continued the young man, "seems something that needn't make one sour, or gloomy, or wretched, but better and happier every way. I hate cant or superstition, sis, but I believe these Rochfords have got the genuine stuff."

"Tom, you mustn't speak so irreverently."

"I don't mean to be irreverent. It's only a fellow's way of talking, you know."

There was again a little silence.

"But, Tom," resumed Rusha, "it is not a slight thing to attempt to improve one's char-

acter—one must be in earnest to the very death, and then wont succeed without God's help; but I think, after all, a genuine religion, as you call it, is the only thing worth living for."

A conversation of this nature had never before transpired betwixt the brother and sister, and under other circumstances would have been impossible.

If the Rochfords had at heart the moral welfare of the Spencer family, they surely had in Rusha and Tom its best and most susceptible elements brought at this time within their influence.

"I've been thinking," said Tom, after a little pause, "that a fellow of my years ought to have some object in life; but you know there's so much always going on in the city, and it's hard to swim against tide."

"I know," certain from his manner that something was coming.

"But I've made up my mind that when I go back I'll cut loose somehow, and set about preparing for college in downright earnest."

"Oh, Tom, that is glorious! I am so glad to hear you say it," suiting the words with a kiss, which, though not returned, was evidently acceptable.

And this decision to which the youth had come, though owing in a large sense to Rusha, might still be traced more or less to the indirect influence of the Rochfords, although Tom was quite unconscious of this.

The conversation was terminated here by the entrance of some of the Daggett family.

During the remainder of Rusha's stay at Berry Plains, the Rochfords and she only met briefly; once at a little out-of-the-way meeting-house, where Rusha had insisted on going because there was a stone wall that intervened, and she had said to Tom, with her usual enthusiasm—"Oh, it will be so delightful, Tom, to climb a stone wall in going to church!" a remark which elicited peals of mirth from Lucy and Esther Daggett.

Tom and the doctor had their sail together, which, so far as the fishing went, proved a decided success. Perhaps the doctor availed himself of the occasion to throw some other less tangible bait into the sea of his young companion's soul, deeper than that vast one around them which one day should give up its dead.

However that might be, Tom reported to Rusha that he had had capital sport, and that the doctor was a glorious fellow; but when on further inquiry he repeated a part of the talk

that had occupied them, she found that it did not all relate to their sport.

The Rochfords and Spencers had only time afterwards for an exchange of brief calls, in which the young ladies pledged themselves to renew the acquaintance which had had so informal a commencement, Angeline laughingly remarking that remoteness of residence imposed no obstacle to their meeting.

A day later there came a letter from Ella, urging and demanding Rusha's immediate return. "The season promised to be unusually gay if it was war times, and she wanted to consult Rusha about their wardrobes, and a variety of other collateral matters."

"What in the world keeps you in that dull, dreary, out-of-the-way corner of the world, shut up in an old farm-house, passes my comprehension," wrote the younger sister, and she supplemented the burden of her letter with various urgent messages from her mother, which, being transmitted through Ella's medium, doubtless lost nothing in emphasis; and to set the matter beyond all discussion, fortified the whole with a postscript which at the last moment she obtained from her father—"What are you up to, Rusha and Tom, off there in Berry Plains? Come home, children, come home." A rapid, half-legible scrawl at the best, but it wrote heavy figures, and was honored at sight on change now-a-days.

And it was evident enough that, however they might laugh about Rusha's fine-spun fancies and vagaries, the family always felt the loss of its strongest element in her absence.

Rusha looked sad as she folded up the letter. It almost seemed to her that she would like to stay at Berry Plains forever. But she was mistaken here. When Nature should put off the pomp and glory of her present mood, and she should be thrown more upon herself and her companions, that eager, active soul of Rusha's would have hungered for larger life and wider horizons than the old farm-house and its kindly inmates afforded.

Two days after this, the old carryall stood at the gate ready to convey the Spencers to the depot. When the time of leave-taking came, Rusha stood at the door with her wistful face and the tears in her eyes.

"I've been so happy here," she said, "that I dread to go out of this sweet calm into the tumult, and jar, and fever of the great city; but there is no help for it."

And the Daggetts—mother and daughters—stood in the door and watched the old carryall over the hills, and as long as they watched

they saw the wistful face looking back with the tears in its eyes.

And so Rusha went out from Berry Farm, and there was mercifully hidden from her sight the great fires of trial through which she would have to pass in the home that awaited her.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Well, girls, I must say this is a little too much. Just look at that clock!"

One morning, some five months after Rusha's return from Berry Plains, Mrs. Spencer saluted her daughters in this fashion as they entered the dining-room. The little bronze clock on the mantel afforded point and emphasis to the mother's objurgatory tones.

Both of the girls had a tired, listless air, and Rusha exclaimed, meanwhile rubbing her eyes:

"Goodness! I had no idea it was so late."

"Well, what can you expect when one is out until three o'clock? Just give me a cup of coffee, and I'll be as good as new," and Ella seated herself at the table and touched the bell.

"I wish I could say as much," replied Rusha, taking the next seat, "but I always feel wretchedly enough for the whole day after such a grand party. The truth is, I'm not made of stuff to stand dissipation."

Rusha put the truth exactly. Ella could stand a whole campaign of late hours and fashionable dissipations, while Rusha, though apparently in as good health as her sister, had that finer nervous organization which could not admit of heavy drafts of excitement.

"Your father was dreadfully put out," continued Mrs. Spencer, as her daughters settled themselves to the late breakfast, which, despite her reproofs, she had given orders should be kept prompt and warm for them, "because you wasn't down this morning. You know he always likes to see you at breakfast."

"Well, pa's turned into a regular bear now-a-days," remarked the younger of the sisters, breaking a fresh roll of bread.

"Ella, don't speak so of your father, child," responded her mother.

"Well, ma, you know it's true, now, so there's no use denying it. It's as much as one's life is worth to make the slightest demand on his pocket."

John Spencer's temper had not improved with his fortunes, but simple justice to the man must admit that he had by no means reached the sanguinary frame of mind which his daughter's statement implied.

Mrs. Spencer, who always took her husband's part to his children, and reversed this habit when they were the subject of complaint on his part, came now to the defence with—

"Well, you ought to consider that your father has a great deal on his mind just now. His business worries him, and gold is going up awfully, and I s'pose the poor man don't really know how to make both ends meet."

"Nonsense!" said Ella, with a toss of her head. "He can't make that go down with me. He's making money all the time, and the richer he gets the stingier he grows. Hasn't he had, with all the rest, a government contract lately? And don't everybody grow rich who has government contracts, I'd like to know?"

"More shame to them, then," interposed Rusha, who thus far had brought no forces to the discussion.

"Well, now don't, Rusha, for pity's sake, go into the moral of the thing. The fact is all that concerns me; and I say it's a perfect shame for pa to be such a miser when he's making money hand over fist."

Whether Mrs. Spencer had a little secret sympathy with her daughter, or thought that she could set up a plea that would be more likely to avail in the father's behalf, she now changed her grounds of defence.

"Well, he's fretted a good deal about Andrew. They don't seem to get on well together, and I'm afraid matters will come to an open rupture betwixt them yet."

"What has gone wrong now?" asked Rusha.

"Oh, dear, I don't know. Everything, seems to me. Your father complains that Andrew's lazy, reckless, extravagant, always off, throwing away his time and money with a set of fast friends, when he ought to be attending to his business, and that he can't place the least dependence upon him."

"Pa always makes matters out a great deal worse than they are, you know," commented Ella.

"I can't make out, for my part, who is to blame," continued Mrs. Spencer. "Your father comes down so hard on Andrew, and if I speak to the boy he gets so excited that I'm glad to let both alone."

"I'm afraid that there's a good deal of truth in what pa says," added Rusha, looking serious. "I'm not satisfied with Andrew's looks and ways. What is the reason, I should like to know, that he is never at home now-a-days? And where does he spend his time when he's off?"

"Boys must sow their wild oats, you know,"

pleaded the mother, with her habit of smoothing over everything that was wrong in her own family. "I can't really believe Andrew would do any harm, but he's got in with those wild young fellows, and they lead him off to clubs, and suppers, and one thing and another. I do wish he'd make up his mind to settle down and grow steady."

"But you know a great city like this is the last place to lead a young man like Andrew to do that. I suppose, from hints that Tom has dropped me, that we women have no idea of the temptations which beset youth of his age on every side, and home is their best safeguard, and Andrew seems to get away from that more and more."

"Pshaw! I don't believe Andrew is going into anything worse than having a good time, like other young men of his age. Don't you croak, Rusha. Ma, I want to tell you about our party." This was from Ella, whose habit was to make an abrupt plunge from disagreeable subjects into pleasant ones.

"Did you have a good time, girls?" asked the mother, not sorry to have a topic supplanted which enhanced a secret feeling of uneasiness the more it was discussed, while she was always alive to her daughters' social enjoyments and triumphs.

This was a theme to kindle Ella's eloquence. "Oh, mother, you have no idea. It was a perfect rush, and such a splendid affair," and she went on dilating with great fervor on the magnificence of the dresses, the costliness of the banquet, the flattering attentions which had overwhelmed her and her sister; and the mother listened with her pleased smile to the rhapsody, when in the midst of it all the front door was banged sharply to, and a moment after Andrew burst into the dining-room.

"Why, you here, girls?" in a tone that indicated no pleasant surprise. "I thought you'd be out riding this morning."

"If you had condescended to remember where we were last night, you probably would not have been so confident in that agreeable expectation," replied Ella, with a little asperity, not exactly liking her brother's tone.

I think any keen reader of countenances would have found some change for the worse in that of Andrew Spencer during these last six months. It was a change not likely to be apparent to his family, for it had not become the fixed habit of his face. But something of the clear, open look was gone. There was some restlessness in the eyes, and something half-defiant, half-reckless, in his dominant ex-

pression, which his whole manner carried out. He always sported a cane, always dressed in the height of the fashion, and affected a "dandified" air, which did not improve him.

"Well, 'fast young man,'" commenced Ella, playfully, "what's brought you home at this time of the day? Some secret, I know, that you didn't intend Rusha and I should share; but you're too late now, so there's no help but to out with it."

Andrew had taken a chair, and was restlessly balancing his cane on his forefinger. He was evidently in no mood for jokes.

"That's a fact," he said; "I meant to get the old lady when you girls weren't round, but you'd surely pump it out of her now, so here goes. I want some money, mother."

"Why, Andrew!" Mrs. Spencer was taken completely by surprise at this request, as her daughters were also.

Andrew rose up, striking his cane hard on the floor.

"It's a fact. I must have it right off, and there's no use mincing matters."

"But why don't you go to your father for it?"

"Because I haven't time to go through with a storm before I can get it, and because it is my own affair and I don't choose to have him know anything about it."

"What shall I do, girls?" appealed the bewildered mother to her daughters.

"Look here, old lady, it's none of your business—I must have the money without delay."

"I think you might at least have the decency to tell me what you intend to do with it before you demand her money quite so much in the style of a highwayman," spoke up Rusha, her quick temper roused at Andrew's manner.

"You interfere if you dare, now, Rusha Spencer!"

There was a threat in his eyes that for the moment daunted her, and Rusha Spencer was no coward.

"How much money have you got—to the last dollar?" This question was addressed to his mother.

"I've only got two hundred dollars in the world, and your father gave me that for family expenses," in a piteous way.

"Two hundred dollars! Confound the old miser for cutting so close! I want at least double that. But fork over what you've got."

"Seems to me you are carrying things with a pretty high hand, Andrew," said Mrs. Spencer, partially recovering herself, and not moving from her chair.

"I say, old woman, where's that money? I'll have it out of you by fair means or foul, and if you know what's good for yourself you'll hand it out!"

His look frightened his mother. Language like this had never been addressed to her before. A sort of coarse freedom, obtained in the manner of the young Spencers towards their parents, which, to finer natures, might savor of disrespect, but defiance and insolence—never.

"I believe the fellow's gone crazy," said Ella, really pale, she was so shocked.

But the poor mother was frightened now past all self-control.

"The money is in the box on the table there. Oh, what does it mean that my child should talk to me like that!" and she burst into tears.

Andrew seized the box and tore out the "greenbacks," and was hurrying out of the room. But just as he reached the door, Rusha sprang before him, her whole face in a hot flush of indignation.

"Andrew Spencer, the man who will insult and frighten his mother into giving him money in the way you have done, is a coward and a brute!"

He looked for the moment, as she stood there in her generous courage and scorn, as though he could have knocked her down, but there was something in her eyes that quelled him, and partly brought him to his senses.

"A man that's desperate can't use soft words," he muttered, and dashed by her.

When Rusha returned, she found her mother sobbing and Ella trying to soothe her.

"I don't understand it. What does it mean?" asked the younger, of the elder sister.

"It means, Ella, that it's no use to shut our eyes. I've feared for a long time that Andrew was going wrong, and now, after what we have witnessed, there's no doubt of it. This comes of his clubs and carousals, and being away from home day and night with a set of fast young men, who will drag him down to ruin—there, don't cry, mother."

"But did you see and hear how he looked and spoke to me, his mother?" sobbed Mrs. Spencer.

"Yes," penetrating to the core of the matter much quicker than her more practical parent and sister, "I saw it all, mother, and I saw, too, that he had been drinking some, and was desperate. Probably he has borrowed the money, or—" She stopped here, though she

was strongly excited, and words were not apt to frighten her.

"Or what?" said Ella.

"Or has been gambling."

"My boy, my Andrew, a drunkard and a gambler!" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer, with a fresh burst of tears.

"There have been sons whose mothers loved and trusted them as you do yours, who have turned out to be a disgrace and a shame to them. I don't want to make you feel worse, mother, but we ought to see the danger that is closing round Andrew."

"But what can we do?" said Ella, who was now really alarmed.

"I don't know as anything, for he seems beyond the reach of our influence. Father ought to know this at once."

"Dear me, Rusha, think what an awful storm there would be!" pleaded the shrinking mother.

"I know it, ma; but better a storm than to have Andrew lost soul and body, as he seems in a fair chance of being."

It was a singular fact that whatever they might think of her "romance," they always deferred to her penetration, decision, and good sense, in any crisis which demanded the exercise of these qualities.

Mrs. Spencer, in whom moral courage was painfully lacking, deprecated so strongly an appeal to her husband, with regard to Andrew's conduct, and Rusha, knowing her father's rashness and growing infirmities of temper, felt there was a good deal of force in her mother's reasoning. His harshness might only drive Andrew into worse courses, she reflected, and she finally yielded so far as to promise that she would not immediately acquaint her father with what had transpired.

"But I still persist that I very much doubt whether this is the wisest course. Andrew needs some stronger force than we can bring to bear to change the whole tendency of his present life. These late suppers—these few companions—this absence from home—these carousals, and dissipations, and general recklessness—mother, where will they all lead to?" asked the eldest daughter, solemnly.

And Mrs. Spencer, tearful and distressed, hoped Andrew was only sowing his wild oats, and would come out right at last, and avowed her intention of giving that delinquent youth "such a talking to as he had never had in all his life," and at this moment, some calls that could not be refused ended the painful family conference.

Andrew Spencer next presented himself at home, somewhat sobered, a little ashamed, with a very confused memory of all that had transpired, and a general determination to bully it out.

Rusha, however, had not such absolute faith in the power of her mother's "talk," that she did not lay hold of that young man, with her usual impetuosity, and administer to him such a fiery scathing as he had never received from the tongue of any living woman.

As for his preconceived notion of "bullying it out," Andrew found, as he afterwards expressed himself, that Rusha proved "too much" for him.

She cut him right off when he commenced, with—

"That sort of talk may serve you with your poor shocked, frightened mother, when you burst into the house, and in ways a burglar would scorn, scare her into giving you money, but it won't do with me. When I think, Andrew Spencer, what language you used to your mother this day, it makes my blood boil. Oh, I wish I was a man, to horsewhip you as you deserve!"

She looked as though she could almost do it, small, delicate woman as she was, standing there with her fiery cheeks and flashing eyes.

Andrew quailed before the spirit he had roused. She was a girl, it is true, but then she had an immense moral advantage on her side.

"Take a fellow's head off, will you, for what he said when—he wasn't himself. Don't believe it was half as bad as you make out, either."

"*Drunk*, were you?" The tone was calmer now, but the emphasis on the first monosyllable made him wince. "I'm glad to know on your own confession, that you were not sober when you so insulted your mother and sisters."

"Making it out ten times worse than it was!" muttered Andrew. "Don't believe half of it."

He wished he had taken some other line of defence, when Rusha went over the whole scene, compelling him to listen until he was really humbled and ashamed.

"I'd no idea it was so bad, Rusha. The truth is, if you must have the whole, I'd got in debt, and I didn't dare go to the governor, and—the matter was pressing, and drove me into getting tight, and doing all the rest. On my honor, I didn't know what I was about."

The first sign of repentance melted her anger.

"Oh, Andrew, I guessed as much. What are you coming to?" her lips quivering.

He seemed a good deal touched; and went about searching for this excuse and that, but they were of the sort that all wrong doers who have not strength to resist evil make, and could not satisfy her.

"Do you remember, Andrew, the promise you made me less than a year ago, on your sick bed? And here you are now."

The memory seemed to touch him with remorse, but it must have been of a transitory sort, for he still went seeking excuses for himself, and affirmed that he was no worse than the rest of the fellows, and through all, his brow did not once wear the clear, open look that it used to.

"Oh, Andrew, if I knew what to do—if I could only save you!" she cried, half to herself, the tears dropping on her cheeks.

He started a little, and looked at her.

"Save me from what?"

"From all the wrong and ruin into which I see these late nights, these boon companions, and all this general recklessness, will surely plunge you."

"I guess I shall come out as well as other men. I'm no worse than the rest of them, and mean to look out. There, don't cry, Rusha. I'll go and make my peace with the old lady. I s'pose I was a brute, but, hang it, I didn't know what I was about."

She drew a long sigh. His manner did not half satisfy her, but after all, he had yielded so much that she was afraid to pursue the matter further then, and weaken the force of what she had already said. But she would "bide her time," feeling that anything she might say would fall in her brother's present mood to reach deeper than the shallows of his nature.

And he went out on his errand of conciliation with his mother, feeling that this would be an easier matter with her than Rusha; but almost as the door closed, it opened again, and Andrew Spencer's general impression of the part Rusha had borne in the affair concentrated itself in the remark, "I say, Rusha, you're a brick."

She was too sad to appreciate this coarse flattery, and only answered, with a little flicker of a smile. The young man did not, however, find it quite so light a matter as he had fancied to get over his transgression with his mother. Pain at the indignities which her son had heaped upon her, and alarm at her daughter's representations, made Mrs. Spencer unusually severe.

Whether the constantly recurring "I couldn't believe that a child of mine would ever dare to address me in that way!" was likely to have any lasting influence with her erring boy, might be questioned. But Andrew insisted that she ought to pay no more regard to what he had said than to the wind's blowing, when it had no more meaning. As for the drinking and the borrowed money, he treated that lightly, affirming that a great many good men

had done both once in their lives, and it was hard to treat him as though he was "the greatest sinner out," for a single offence—arguments which had weight with the fond, weak mother.

Afterwards, the young man took with exemplary patience a long lecture, which made up in length what it lacked in force, and in the end, Mrs. Spencer forgave her son in her heart, if not in words. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

VICTORIA.

Alexandrina Victoria Guelph ascended the throne of England June 20, 1837, and was crowned June 28, 1838. She was the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. Her mother was Victoria Maria Louisa, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and a sister of Prince Leopold. They were married in June, 1818. The father of Queen Victoria, Edward Guelph, was Duke of Kent and Strathern, also Earl of Dublin. He was born November 2, 1767, and was educated in England, Gottengen, and Geneva. In 1790 he went in a military capacity to Gibraltar. He visited America twice; the last time in 1800. In 1802, he was made governor of Gibraltar, but his rigid discipline produced a mutiny, which led to his recall. He was a friend to civil and religious liberty, and a supporter of a general system of education; he considered all men his brethren, and that power is only delegated for the good of the people, and he disapproved of all religious tests. He was unambitious and modest, and lived in a plain republican manner. He died January 23, 1820, at the age of fifty-three, when Victoria was eight months old. His father, George III., died in six days after his own death.

The mother of Queen Victoria was beautiful in person and lovely in character. The ancestral line of this princess ran far back into the dark ages, and, though high in rank, her father was not rich, and she forfeited the annuity of \$20,000 a year, which was settled on her by marrying out of Germany. She brought her husband but a slender dowry as far as money was concerned, but her extensive learning and accomplished mind, her gentleness, child-like simplicity, sweet disposition, and winning manners, were far more valuable to him than wealth.

Victoria was born at Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819. When she was baptized, the Prince Regent was sponsor, also the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of Wirtemberg by proxies. The guardianship of the princess was intrusted to her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and to her Uncle Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, who married the late Princess Charlotte; he was Victoria's mother's brother.

Victoria is a descendant of Egbert, who, in 827, united the Saxon Octarchy, and became the first King of England; her ancestors have, with but little interruption, occupied the throne for more than a thousand years. When children, an intimacy was formed between Victoria and her cousin, Prince Albert, who had been placed under the care of the Duchess of Kent; he resided alternately at Kensington Palace and at Claremont with his uncle, Prince Leopold, and shared the lessons of Victoria. Thus a similarity of taste and feeling ripened into affection at an early age. In 1831, Leopold was elected King of Belgium, and the next year he married Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France. Prince Albert left England with his uncle, but returned on a visit in 1836 with his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and his brother.

Victoria received a sound physical, moral, and intellectual education. She could speak German, French, Italian, and Spanish, and was an accomplished musician and vocalist. She was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, July 30, 1835. February 10, 1840, she married her cousin, Prince Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxony, and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Queen Victoria reigns in virtue of her own right alone. On her marriage, it was proposed in Parliament to give her husband an income of sixty thousand pounds, but it was finally reduced to thirty thousand, which, added to her

income, amounted to six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They had nine children. They lived in the greatest harmony, and enjoyed more domestic happiness than usually falls to the lot of royal families.

Prince Albert was born August 26, 1819, and died December 14, 1861, being forty-two years of age. His life was a manifestation of the highest purity and wisdom; his highly cultivated and intelligent mind was exerted for the advancement of science, of education, and of the mechanic arts; he was the patron of every noble effort for the social improvement of the people; and his noble works were done with the delicate, unaffected grace of a man who acts from the most genuine modesty and humility, and with a sincere and lofty purpose.

Several important events have occurred in the reign of Queen Victoria. For many years, Canton was the only port of the Chinese empire where foreign vessels were allowed to carry on commerce, but England compelled China to open other ports, and in 1842, when a treaty was concluded between the two nations, England was at liberty to trade at six important places in the empire.

The success of the British government induced the United States to send Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts as a commissioner, who obtained of the Chinese authorities the same privileges for this country.

A successful war has also been carried on by England in India with the Afghans, and Scinde has been annexed to the British East India possessions.

In 1846, under the administration of Sir Robert Peel, a bill was passed for the repeal of the corn laws. By corn, in England, is understood all kinds of grain. In 1848, a distressing famine occurred in Ireland, and about half a million of persons perished from disease and starvation. England made efforts to remedy the evil, and liberal donations in money and provisions were sent from the United States. A rebellion in France took place this year, which drove Louis Philippe from his throne. He fled to England. At the same time, some Irish patriots attempted a rebellion against the government, but their efforts failed of success, as did those of the Chartists, who made a movement for reform. The leaders were punished.

Father Matthew, a Catholic priest, induced nearly six millions of persons to sign the pledge of temperance in this reign. In January, 1840, a new law went into operation, by

which the postage on letters for any distance was reduced to one penny.

William IV. expired about midnight at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers, were in attendance; before daylight they requested an interview with Victoria, and informed her that she was queen. The first words she said were to ask his prayers that she might have "an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

Her reign has been what might have been expected from such a beginning—wise and just; no one must consider her guilty of the unjust acts of her ministers. She has nine children.

1. Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, born November 21, 1840; married, January 25, 1858, to Frederic William, Crown Prince of Prussia. 2. Albert Edward, born November 9, 1841; married, March 10, 1863, to Alexandra Victoria, daughter of Christian, King of Denmark. 3. Alice Matilda Mary, born April 25, 1843; married, July 1, 1862, to Prince Louis, of Hesse Darmstadt. 4. Alfred Ernest Augustus Albert, born August 6, 1844. 5. Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 20, 1846. 6. Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18, 1848. 7. Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850. 8. Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853. 9. Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, born April 14, 1857. And six grandchildren.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

MARY, MY MARY.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

You plighted your troth to me, Mary, my Mary,
Under the boughs of that tall maple tree,
Only the nightingale heard, if it listened,
All that you lovingly murmured to me—
Low-spoken words they were, Mary, my Mary,
Happy they made me, as happy could be.

Softly the moonlight fell over you, Mary,
Crowning a brow that was wondrous fair,
Gently the south wind rustled the branches,
Lifted the curls of your "bonnie brown" hair.
Blessed the moonbeam, and blessed the zephyr,
Bringing us beauty and fragrance there.

Oh! how I worshipped you, Mary, my Mary,
Talking the language of lovers we stood;
Dear one, your tones were the sweetest of music,
Under that maple tree near to the wood.

Oh! how I worshipped you, Mary, my Mary,
Beautiful, dutiful, earnest, and good!

Only a year ago! one little year ago!
Then I was happy in loving you so,
Now in the night I am weeping, am weeping,
Now in the day I am murmuring woe.

They told me an angel was wanted in Heaven—
Mary, my Mary, oh! why should you go?

FELICIE, THE FAIRY'S FAVORITE.

BY LOUISE E. VICKROY.

"Shall we call her Felicie? that was your mother's name!" said the nurse, and the fair young widowed mother answered—"Yes, call her so, my bird of Eden, fairest of all fair things!" But faintly, faintly from, she knew not where, came back the echo, "But from the cradle to the grave she must struggle with clipped wings!" The mother took the sweet baby for the first time in her arms, pressed it to her heart, and while from beneath her white eyelids the hot tears gushed, she sighed, "Alas! alas! the glow of Hope refuses to light up the Future for thee, my child!" The old nurse, sitting near, said, in an undertone, that the young mother must sleep now, whispered, soothingly, that "the baby was very fair," then added, in an undertone, a regret "that it was not a boy to be a soldier, and so take its father's place;" The young mother shuddered, for her thoughts were even then afar, where on a bloody field of battle his grave was made.

But slowly, noiselessly then unfolded the wide gates of the Land of Dreams, and there was she led by the beautiful genius called Sleep, beautiful indeed, though the near kinsman of death. In that enchanted realm were the loved forms no longer known on earth and the voices silent here forever; but something all the while half withheld her, a little rosy form that nestled to her heart, a little velvet hand on which her own rested, and sleep seemed to have lost half his power, while the sights and sounds of Dream-Land were wayward and changeable.

Suddenly a golden wand was waved before the young mother, and surrounded by a dazzling light stood a being of mysterious beauty. Gently she folded back the covering from the infant, and bending low as if to bless it, asked, "What would you have her to be?" And the mother answered, "An earnest seeker for the true and the beautiful, a friend to the friendless, and to know as much of the lore of the All Wise One as shall best fit her to enter into his glorified presence." Then the fairy answered, "I will appoint for her four guardians, and they shall see to it that she becomes all this."

The golden wand was waved, and the first appeared, a weary woman with pale face and

haggard form and garment worn to shreds; in her thin hands she held a distaff. The fairy spake—"This is poverty, and shall be the little one's first friend; through summer's heat and winter's cold shall she dwell with her in a lowly cottage, and spin and weave, and spin and weave!" As the mother gazed and sighed she heard a chorus of low, soft voices, chanting, "It is well, 'tis well, 'tis well!"

Again the wand was waved, and through a wavering, uncertain light appeared another figure, bending and tremulous, yet with defiance in the dark uncomely visage. Almost superhuman strength appeared in the arms that were flung wildly forward as though they would fain grapple with some powerful and yet unconquered foe. "This," said the fairy, "shall be her next friend, her name is Doubt; with her shall the fair young Felicie go wandering into a region of shadows, and groping through dim and misty caverns, while wild-voiced tempests are raging without!" To this also came the same chorus of sweet voices chanting, "It is well, 'tis well, 'tis well!"

Again the fairy wand was waved, and yet another came, a wan and wasted figure, with bony hands clasped tightly together, and on her brow great drops of agony, while moanings, but half suppressed, came from her fevered lips. "This," said the fairy, "is Felicie's next friend; her name is Suffering. In a low and lowly room will she watch beside her couch, and kiss her lips and brow with fever and with pallor!" and now more sweetly than ever sang the chorus of low voices, "It is well, 'tis well, 'tis well!"

Her wand the fairy waved again, and yet another came, a willowy form, youthful and fair, but pale, oh, very pale! Her golden hair was dishevelled on her shoulders; her step was languid and slow, her lips tremulous with emotion, while from her azure eyes the tears fell in unrefreshing torrents. Again the fairy spoke, and said, "Sorrow, this last friend of Felicie, shall make for her the light of many a morning dim; shall pale her cheek, and lend her heavy-eyed, and with slow steps, to wander beside the fast-flowing River of Tears. Once more came the chorus of sweet voices, singing,

"It is well, 'tis well, 'tis well."

Spell-bound the mother had listened so far,

and deeper, and deeper had grown her anxiety, but now the fairy said, "Look but more closely!" And the mother looked; and lo! she saw that in the hovel of Poverty her Felicie, a fair and gentle maiden, spun and wove, spun and wove, a web for her own apparelling, and when it was finished, she stood in her maiden beauty arrayed in snowy white; and her garment was her protection, and the fabric of which it was composed was called Endurance. The mother smiled back in answer to the fairy's smile.

To a softly whispered, "Look again," the mother, gazing earnestly, saw where the unprepossessing form of Doubt led Felicie, with a now shadowed face, to grope, and grope in the dim dark cavern, that suddenly her countenance beamed with the brightness of a holy joy, for here had she found the peerless and priceless jewel of Faith; and as the fairy smiled, the mother gave thanks silently and fervently.

Where the fairy pointed, now the mother looked to see her Felicie alone with Suffering; but as she reached with her thin hands and gathered a mock bouquet of the green buds of weeds that clambered about the low window beside her comfortless bed, lo! they turned into lilies in her hands; the beautiful, fair and deathless lilies of Pity, and her mother saw with astonishment, how, wherever she moved among the poor and forlorn she dispensed them freely, and the poor received comfort, and the forlorn were made glad, and all the while the cluster in the hand of Felicie was not diminished; and so the fairy's smile the mother answered with a smile of transport.

Where now the fairy's glance was bent hers followed, and she saw her darling Felicie walking hand in hand with Sorrow, by the mournful moaning waters of the River of Tears. The heavens wept their silent dews; the stars looked dim and lonely in the distant sky, and very pale was the face of Felicie as the gentle, sister-like Sorrow, reached, with her white hand below the wave, and gathered thence the pearls of incomparable beauty—pearls that are alone worthy in their lustre and purity, to twine in the crown of Song that was now to glitter on the brow of Felicie, whose pure heart had divined the deep meaning of the songs of angels; and she had so attuned her own voice, that, in her songs the heavenly echoes thrilled so softly that they interpreted to those on earth the better joys of the bright hereafter.

"What more?" asked the fairy; but softly the mother smiled a smile of content, and spoke no word, for she saw the maiden stand there radiant in a beauty that is seldom known

to earth. The robe of Endurance was white as the snow drifts; on her gentle bosom glowed the jewel of Faith; her hands were filled with the pure and deathless lilies of Pity; and on her brow was the crown of song.

Surely, Felicie had found the true and the beautiful; surely she was ready for the angel call, "Come up higher," ready to enter into the very presence of her God, and His happy angels. But as the happy mother reached forward to clasp the lovely creature in her arms, she woke to find the beauteous maiden and the good fairy vanished, and on her breast her wee darling babe with life all before it; but she smiled and said, "What of Poverty, Doubt, Suffering and Sorrow, when there are the white robe, the priceless jewel, the fadeless lilies, and the costly crown? What of all if thou art but a child of God, my dear, darling Felicie?"

"JOHN."

I stand behind his elbow chair,
My soft hands rest upon his hair—
Hair whose silver is dearer to me
Than all the gold of earth could be;
And my eyes of brown
Look tenderly down
On John, my John.

The firelight leaps, and laughs, and warms—
Wraps us both in its ruddy arms—
John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
Me, with my hands on his dear old head—
Encircling us both
Like a ring of troth,
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace,
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face,
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
For time has left his autograph there;
But a noble prize,
In my loving eyes,
Is John, my John.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands,
Browned by the sun of other lands,
In tender clasp on my own to lay,
"How long ago was our wedding day?"
I smile through my tears,
And say, "Years and years,
John, dear John.

We say no more, the firelight glows;
Both of us muse—on what?—who knows?
My hands drop down in a mute caress,
Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
With my life's best worth
The heart and the hearth
Of John, my John.

EVENING WHISPERS.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

On this lovely eve I'm thinking
Of this time one year ago,
When the earth was draped in beauty
And the nation's heart with woe.

Often then, as day departed,
Ever low south winds to me
Seem'd to pass with fearful whispers
Through the shadowy window tree.

But again the welcome missile,
Told of weary dangers past,
With the cheerful, hopeful greetings,
Each one dearer than the last.

So in hope and fear alternate
Came the long, faint August days,
When a reverse battle column
Met our anxious, eager gaze.

And that name so often hallow'd
By our earnest wish and prayer,
With the kill'd and maimed we found it,
In the list of prisoners there.

Autumn came with mournful voices,
Each day's dull and dreary light
Filled our home with haunting shadows,
Deepening in the gloom of night.

In the wail of wintry tempests,
Blended with the plaintive moans,
Oft the parent-name seem'd uttered
In subdued, beseeching tones.

Whether midnight's starry curtain
Hung above our sleepless bed,
Or amid the day's warm comforts,
Still the sad low cry for bread—

In our ears kept ever ringing;
And his bright young manly face,
To a wan, despairing vision
Ever in our hearts gave place.

When the prison bolts were broken,
Watched we footsteps by the door,
Robins came with spring's soft anthems,
But our only son no more.

Ah! we knew not angel wardens
Long before had loosed our boy,
And from murderous hands had borne him
To the martyrs' feast of joy.

In the drear mid-winter watches,
Down in trenches, lone and deep,
All unceasing there they laid him
Where his shroudless comrades sleep.

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And to soothe the heavy throbbings
As these thoughts o'er sweep the soul,
Liat we to the whispers falling,
On the heart with sweet control.

Coming when the stars are shining
As a presence, pure and bright,
And with smiles of love repeated,
Through the slumbers of the night.

"Weep not, through the slow death-hunger
And the changeless prison gloom,
Sweet sustaining grace was given
Cheerfully to meet my doom.

"Through the shock of battle conflicts
I have felt a power sublime,
Heard the deep, clear bells of victory
In the peaceful distance chime.

"And for this rich boon of freedom,
Freely my young life was given,
I've exchange'd the soldier's thorn-wreath
For a blooming crown in heaven."

So we bow our heads and listen—
Not for footfalls by the door,
Nor the mournful wind-harps murmur
Tales of sorrow as before.

But each silent eve rehearses
These his last sweet words of love,
And the grateful consolation
Brings us near his home above.

SCOTTSVILLE, N. Y., June, 1855.

WORKING AND THINKING.—Says Ruskin, "It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungente, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be made liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement."

JOHN FLINT AND HIS CLERK.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"Oh, how I wish I could stay and share your watch to-day," said the young man as he bent over the pillow of his boy. "But I dare not be five minutes too late, or that iron-hearted miser would turn me off, and then where will the bread come from? Oh, it would be easy to serve a man with a soul, or even a fraction of a heart. Keep up your courage, Mary, dear. I will be home the instant I can get away. Get Ruby everything he wants or needs. I'll pawn my coat before he shall ask for a luxury he cannot have."

"You can pray, Harry, wherever you are," said the wife, "and oh, pray that God will spare our only treasure. I cannot, cannot lose him," and she laid her head upon her husband's already overburdened heart, with a burst of anguish which only a mother's heart can know. He tried to speak words of comfort, and then, after a hasty attempt to eat the food she had provided, he drew on his overcoat and was gone.

"Four minutes behind time," said a severe voice, as the eye glanced up to the hard face of the relentless looking clock on the wall. Punctuality is my motto, Mr. Graham, and if you cannot conform to it, you had better seek employment elsewhere."

"I am very sorry, sir, but my child is extremely ill, and I have been up all night watching with him."

"Of course it is easy to make excuses," said the other, coldly, as he bowed his iron-gray head, stiffly. "But let no more time be lost, we have busy work for all day."

And there was busy work for twice the force which Mr. Flint employed. His principle was to keep all hands at work on the high pressure principle. No rest, no relaxation, no encouraging words from the least to the greatest. Continual rebuke was the watchword in his establishment. The youngest was the hardest worked of all. He was a poor orphan, "bound out" to Mr. Flint, and feeding in his kitchen from such scraps as his master allowed him. Many a time had Harry Graham slipped a couple of biscuits into his hand on the sly, and an apple or a cake which kind-hearted Mary had sent him, and the boy's famished way of devouring them showed very plainly how he fared.

The poor orphan heart was bound to him by cords of gratitude and affection, and there was no service in his power he would not render him. The weary day dragged on. To the anxious father the hours seemed days in length, and the old clock seemed for once to have forgotten his duty altogether. Noonday had passed, and the long, lingering finger of the time keeper pointed to one o'clock. A little messenger came up the broad stone steps and asked for Mr. Graham.

"There he is," said the errand boy, and he listened anxiously to hear the message, for had not Harry said to him that very morning, "My little Ruby is very sick, Hugh, and may not live till I come back."

It was worth a great deal to have the warm sympathy of even that poor oppressed child so near him all day.

"The doctor says Ruby cannot live long, and his mother wants you to come," said the child.

With a groan he put down his pen and walked to the private office. There sat Mr. Flint, deep over his papers, with his whole soul wrapped up in stocks and bales of merchandise. He was just then driving a sharp trade with the Mandarins, and was impatient at being brought back so unceremoniously to his native shore.

"What has happened now. Is the store on fire?" he asked, sharply. "One might think so from your looks."

"My child is dying and I must go home."

"You must not go. You know it is impossible to spare you an hour on such a busy day. All the week's duties would be thrown into confusion. No, Mr. Graham, go back to your desk and don't speak of leaving until those invoices are made out. It may take a few minutes over hours to-night."

"I must go, Mr. Flint. Have you no compassion"—the words were wrung from him by his agony, but they only served to harden the iron heart more than ever.

"If you do go I wish you to remember that your services are no longer wanted here. Your last month's wages are still in my hands. Good afternoon," and with another stiff bow he shut the door in his face.

"All humbug about his sick child, I dare say," said the man, as he turned to his papers again.

That last threat was as he meant it should be, an effectual argument. He dare not forfeit a month's pay, or his landlord might turn him into the street. He might not even have the money to bury his child!

So he toiled with a bursting heart until the wretched day was done, and then sought with dark forebodings his lowly home again. She met him at the hall door, and her tear stained face forbade all questionings. They sat down by the little crib and each took a clay cold hand and held it for a long, long time. They could not speak, they could only weep together. At length when she was calm enough to speak, the mother told him of the last sad hours when she sat with only one kind neighbor by his side and watched the little light go out. She was weeping by his side, and he looked up with baby sympathy into her dewy eyes, and raising one thin hand, said, with great effort—

"Ruby's sorry, mamma." Poor lamb, he could not know the cause of her sorrow. It grew dark to him at last, and he mistook the shadow of death's wings for the happy twilight which brought his father home.

"Papa, take Ruby," was his last request. By and by his lips moved faintly, and her listening ear caught the familiar words of his little evening prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and in a little while he was asleep.

Ah, how heart-rending to the absent one was this recital, and even in that hour of sorrow a burst of indignant passion rose in his heart against the iron-hearted wretch that had kept him away from that dying bedside.

"I will repay, saith the Lord!" We will leave our wrongs in God's hands," said Mary.

As quickly as he could Harry Graham procured a new situation. A lower salary was more than made up for by the considerate kindness of his employer. He was a noble-souled man, who delighted in doing good to all around him. And God prospered him as he ever does those who are kind to his poor. Harry too was rewarded a hundred-fold for all his acts of kindness to the oppressed errand boy. He was not in the least sorry when he learned he had run away from his protector, and took pains to answer many letters which he received from him in after years.

Unblest and unloved, John Flint lived long enough to learn that wealth cannot buy happiness, nor a quiet conscience. It cannot bind

to it one loving, sympathizing soul. One dollar of all his possessions could not go with him over the river of death.

So the miser lived his threescore years and more, and then died "and went to his own place."

TREES.

"Through all the kingdoms of inanimate nature, trees are peerless in form. The shape of the waves is beautiful, but it is samely; the forms of the clouds are beautiful and of utmost variety, but their beauty is vast and grand, not coming quickly home to the human mind, and not unfrequently stretching into long straight lines, or losing itself in shapeless hugeness. They are, as poets have called them, the formless gray daughters of the sky. But the forms of forest foliage have a variety whispering of nature's infinitude; they are precisely of a size, and are precisely so placed, as to render them obvious to the eye; and in their chastened, regulated, consummate beauty, they never fail. The birch, with nodding plumes, as of forest-queen, and waving tresses as of the woodland maiden. The elm, with its imperial drapery, and majestic yet graceful port, a 'Queen Elizabeth' among trees. The elastic, defiant, soaring beech, its boughs seeming to leap into the sky; these, and how many others! afford the finest compositions in abstract form presented in the whole range of inanimate nature. There are no flowers now to draw the eye from the arching of the leaves and the grouping of the boughs; no local intensity, no concentration of color, prevents it from resting calmly on the broad sweeps of green which robe but conceal not the majesty of the form. The fruit tree has no fineness of form, nor is it valuable as timber; but what it wants in form and timber it makes up in flowers and fruit. Its wood is valueless compared with that of the oak; its form paltry compared with that of the elm; but no tree of the forest can boast of apple-bloom in spring, and the golden and roseate offerings of many an autumn atone for the worthlessness of the fallen trunk."

Every man we meet indeed is a volume of biography, whose very binding is partly significant of its contents. And if we see more than face and dress—see the man in his own place, and at home, we scan some picture-illustrations, though still we may read but a few lines or few pages of the book of his life.

JOHN RANKIN'S BARGAIN.

BY IDA AFTON.

"Pretty good for one day's work."

Farmer Rankin rubbed his hands briskly together, after depositing in his desk a contract between himself and a poor neighbor.

"Pretty good, little wife; do you know how fast the money comes in? There is nothing like making good bargains. Pass the apples and cider, James."

Mrs. Rankin looked up from her sewing with a troubled gaze. "I hope you have not been too hard with him, John; his family is very needy."

"I have given a fine job to him and his boys. They can do well enough at eighty-seven, or even at seventy-five cents per cord for wood chopping. I paid only fifty cents per cord last winter."

"I thought you were paying one dollar?" said his wife.

"I am paying according to my agreements," replied Mr. Rankin, in a tone of slight displeasure. There was something in his wife's manner that reproved him, as he watched the busy fingers, as they shot the needle with a sharp click through the cambric.

The children had retired, and Farmer Rankin sat toying with the rich, mellow apples before him, while his wife kept on at her sewing.

"John!"

"Well?"

"Are you not paying Thomas Barnes one dollar per cord for cutting wood in your woods?"

"Yes."

"You will have to draw it three miles?"

"About that."

"You are to pay Joe Miller eighty-seven cents per cord for wood cut in his woods, and you will have to draw it two miles and a-half?"

"Yes; quite a saving of time and money. There, wife; I understand that peculiar look of yours, which always warns me of a lecture on ethics. I tell you I have done well enough by him. If I can give a man a good job, and at the same time make it profitable to myself, you ought to be pleased. Joe Miller wishes to clear his land. I am to give him eighty-seven cents per cord for two hundred cords. I have

paid fifteen dollars in advance, and am to pay the balance as soon as it is all piled and measured."

"It will take them a long time to cut that much wood; besides cutting, what will they be obliged to burn in the meantime? And what are the family to do while they are cutting it? They are dependent upon his daily labor for their bread. I heard him tell you that the money you paid him would scarcely buy the boots that he and his boys must have before they can work."

"That is no concern of mine. If I pay when the work is done, it will be quite enough—more than many others would do. Before commencing, they can work out a few days, and earn bread and meat to last them through the time."

"We are not to be guided by what others would do. The question is, what ought we to do? Can you afford to pay Thomas Barnes one dollar per cord?"

Mr. Rankin winced under the penetrating look of his wife.

"Yes; but I could not get it done cheaper, as that is the least anybody is paying in ordinary timber, and Barnes knew the market price of wood, and knew just how much I can draw in one day."

"Then Thomas Barnes understands the worth of labor better than Joe Miller?"

"Yes; I save just twenty-six dollars on the chopping, provided he fill the contract, and fifty if not. Then the difference in drawing and furnishing the wood, makes what I call a good bargain," said Mr. Rankin, with a low chuckle, as he quaffed a glass of cider.

"Say, rather, a bad bargain, my husband," said Mrs. Rankin, with a half-smothered sigh. "Bargains are not to be estimated by dollars and cents only. If we cannot stand self-acquitted in our dealings with others, we are miserably poor, heaping up dross instead of gold. I am very sorry to see you taking advantage of a poor man's necessity."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rankin, contemptuously. "Your nice distinctions of right and wrong will not bear the wear and tear of business."

"They will bear the light of eternal

truth; and whatever can survive that ordeal will bear the test of this poor, perishable world. According to your expressed ideas of conducting business, you make it a sin to accumulate wealth."

"How so?"

"If there is no way of making business remunerative through strict integrity, then is it wrong to accumulate wealth; and if wrong to accumulate it, wrong to possess it. Thus would you sweep away the moral right to engage in any enterprise dependent upon money for advancement. All branches of business are not equally emolumental; a man is free to choose."

"Ah, my little theorist! nothing short of a theocracy could ever bring men up to your standard."

"I would have every man heed the whisperings of the conscience which God has planted in his breast. Had you given Joe Miller terms a little easier, you would be better satisfied with yourself, my husband. You know the conditions are hard."

"He went away satisfied in all, save wanting his pay on every twenty-five cords. But I knew he would not cut on such terms half as much as I want. They will have to work a little harder; but, when they get it done, they will have more money than they ever had at once. It is a fine chance for Joe Miller to pay for his land. I intend to give them all the chopping they can do for a year; but he is a slow, indecisive sort of a fellow—one of your honest sort, wife. Bah! I despise such men. They are mere fungi in everything they undertake that requires tact and perseverance—always poor."

"The victims of too many 'good bargains,' perhaps."

Mr. Rankin bit his lip in chagrin.

"Your conclusions are forced and cruel," continued his wife. "If you can afford to pay Thomas Barnes one dollar per cord—and you are not the man to pay it, unless you find it profitable—you can and ought to pay Joe Miller the same. He has a large, needy family, and he probably felt compelled to make the most of the opportunity."

"I tell you, wife, he was delighted when he cast up the amount, and found that he could so nearly pay for his land. I told him I would give him, on such terms, all the chopping he can do."

"Therein lies another wrong. You held up a glittering temptation, that the poor man could not resist. Alas, for poor human-nature!

It seemed so easy to reach out his hand and grasp the—bubble; for bubble it is. John Rankin, you know he cannot fill that contract without distressing his family, and you could, as well as not, have given him more time, as you will not draw the wood before next fall or winter."

"He can fill it, if he tries hard."

"You have made no allowance for any delays that may occur, and the mere fact of your putting the price at seventy five cents in case of his failing to have it ready in the time specified, shows that you entertained a doubt, at least, about it. Twenty-four dollars to that poor man is a great deal to lose, and there is no telling what privations the family may have to endure by his trying to fill the contract. You will pay Thomas Barnes forty dollars more for the same amount of work than you will Joe Miller, and he is not half so needy. The difference in drawing is worth something to you, according to your own estimate, to say nothing of the worth of the wood as it stands."

"That is nothing to him, as he is going to clear his land, whether I have any wood or not."

There was anger in his tone, for he had silenced just such thoughts in his own breast. Mrs. Rankin could not see him deliberately wronging a poor man without remonstrating, though she knew from bitter experience that to her husband her words were as sounding brass.

"It may be nothing to him," she said, "but to you I know it is. He has taken up a piece of wild land, and to make the first payment, has paid out the last dollar he possesses. To make out the required amount, he sold his cow. In the contract, you give him fifty days, and if the two hundred cords are not ready for measurement in that time, you are to pay him only seventy-five cents."

"That was put in as a spur, for I want the wood, and would have agreed to pay him one dollar, rather than not have it; though I expect a man to do as he agrees; I always do."

"Yes; but you are very careful as to what you agree," said his wife, with a meaning smile.

"Ah! therein lies one great secret of success in business. I made sufficient allowance for hindrances. He and his two boys can put up six cords in a day, with all ease; but I will allow them thirty-five days, and that will give them fifteen days to work elsewhere for

bread. I am not so bad a man, after all, if I do like good bargains."

"How do you make it fifteen days?"

"Humph! is not the difference fifteen between fifty and thirty-five?"

"Would you compel a man to work upon the Sabbath?"

"I did not think of the Sabbaths," stammered Mr. Rankin, looking greatly confused.

He had no need to remind the pale, overworked, heart-burdened woman before him, that the Sabbath was not in all his thoughts. She knew him better than he knew himself; knew him to be a grasping, extortionate man in his dealings with others, and she trembled for the poor man that had, a few hours before, left the house. She had reasoned with her husband until reason seemed futile, and every day was she conscious of losing confidence in his integrity. Sad must be the day to that wife who has a love and reverence for truth and honesty, that brings home to her soul the sickening truth that her husband is unworthy of the sacred places of her heart. No true woman can reverence the man who is continually suffering the weeds and brambles of human-nature to choke out the blossoms of immortal good in his soul.

As the days passed, the stroke of the axe in Joe Miller's woods could be distinctly heard at the farm house of John Rankin. To him, it was simply the clinking of dollars in his already full coffers. No thought of pity for the shivering, half-fed man and boys, struggling to meet the hard conditions he had pressed upon them, ever entered his mind, as he seated himself at his well-spread table. He was growing rich very fast; rich in houses and lands, but miserably poor in all that makes life beautiful, laying up treasures for moth and rust to corrupt.

One of Joe Miller's boys cut his foot, long before one half of the wood was chopped. The family was suffering for sufficiently nourishing food. The high prices of food and clothing were bidding fair to swallow up the greater part of his labor. It was taking more days than he had anticipated to work elsewhere and earn the food necessary to keep them from starvation. The fierce, biting cold of mid-winter was purpling the lips and cheeks of his little ones, and the racking coughs, from colds taken by their constant exposure to the weather, while gathering chips from the woods to keep them from freezing, smote heavily upon the father's heart. Sometimes the temptation to give up the job, or not to try to complete it in the specified time, was strong upon him;

but to do so, would give John Rankin too much of his hard earnings. He had learned that Thomas Barnes was to have one dollar per cord, and that angered him, and made him feel all the more determined to finish the work in the fifty days.

"I must have a cow in the spring," he would think, as he redoubled his exertions. "I was too grasping myself; had I taken only one hundred cords, I could do it with ease, and not distress my family; but the temptation was too alluring"—were thoughts ever present. Then would the conviction of the real truth force itself upon him, that John Rankin urged the two hundred cords from no other motive than selfishness. As the expiration of the fifty days drew nigh, he became fearful that he should fail to fill his part of the contract. His second boy caught a severe cold, and was confined to the house with pneumonia. He had calculated on the full help of his two oldest boys. He felt weak himself; his food was not sufficiently nourishing for such excessive labor. The last two Sundays found him in the woods, splitting and piling wood, instead of in his accustomed seat at church.

"On John Rankin's soul rests this sin," said the poor man, repeatedly, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

Early one cold, snowy morning, Mrs. Rankin was startled by a neighbor woman's rushing in and asking for some remedy for the croup, saying one of Joe Miller's children had a severe attack. Mrs. Rankin, very much against her husband's expressed wish, he fearing she might take cold in such a storm, took what remedies she thought proper, and proceeded to the house across the fields, about half a mile distant. As she entered the house, the scene that met her gaze was appalling. Seated in a rickety arm-chair was Mrs. Miller, with a boy about six years old upon her lap, gasping in the last agonies of death, while a cry of wailing went up from the agonized father bending over him, and from the frightened children, crouched in one corner of the room. Mrs. Rankin advanced, and laid one hand upon the white brow of the little sufferer, and parted back the heavy locks of shining hair.

The poor woman's face lighted up with a strange, unearthly glow, as she shrieked—"Don't touch him! I would not have his precious body contaminated by a touch so vile! Do you think, by your hard bargains, to grow rich upon the bone and muscle of a poor man and his family?—to sap the life-blood of his little ones, that your own may be clothed in

purple and fine linen? Oh, my poor, dead boy!—my poor, dead boy!" moaned the wretched mother, as she hugged the lifeless form to her bosom.

"Heaven knows, poor woman, I am not accountable for your misery," sobbed Mrs. Rankin, sinking upon a broken chair. "I did not deem you half so needy," she continued, glancing at the untouched breakfast, of baked potatoes and salt, to be washed down by cold water.

"Maybe you are not; but your husband is. My husband went to him a few days ago, and told him that he feared he should fail to have the wood cut in the required time, in consequence of one of the boys cutting his foot, and the other's being sick, and begged a few dollars to buy the food for which we were suffering, promising to cut more than the two hundred cords. He knew, too, that Mr. Rankin will not want to remove the wood for some months, as he will not draw it till it is seasoned; but he told him that he must abide by the contract, and that he had no money to spare. He let him have a few potatoes, saying we could get along very well on bread and potatoes for a few days. Did he think the bread would come down like manna? I took the children out to the woods, to gather the chips from chopping, to keep us from freezing; we have had no wood for a long time, only what the children and I have gathered. That is the way my darling caught his death-cold. We must give him a Christian burial. How can we bear the sound of the axe while our dead boy lies in the house? How do we know that every stroke would not be riveting a nail for the coffin of another? Oh, my dead boy!—my poor dead boy!"

Mrs. Rankin covered her face, and groaned, in agony of spirit? Was this one of the results of her husband's grasping after riches? Ah! how many more, as sad, that she knew nothing of! How little had she anticipated what suffering might arise from the bargain against which she had so earnestly remonstrated!

"I am certain," she said, choking back her feelings, "that Mr. Rankin did not realize how much he was exacting from you. He is not so hard-hearted as to require the work to go on—now—"

She could not finish the sentence, with that agonized mother's eyes blazing upon her, as she held her dead boy tighter to her breast.

"God be merciful to the man whose grasping hand is stayed only by yawning graves!

How does he know that the death-angel is not already hovering over his own household?"

Mrs. Rankin shivered and caught her breath, as the suffering woman's words burned into her heart. She regretted, deeply, the intrusion upon her sorrow. She had intended good, but she thought it better to leave. She could not speak for some minutes, as she stood gazing upon that poor woman, moaning in her first great sorrow, and pressing her tear-wet cheek against the cold, damp brow of her little boy. Oh! ye mothers, who have seen the sweet lips of your precious darlings purpled by death's vintage, pity that wretched mother, for no other mortals can.

"May Heaven pity and comfort you, grief-stricken mother!" said Mrs. Rankin. "I wish I could make you know how much I sympathize with you—how much I wish to serve you, and alleviate, to some extent, what your family is suffering through my husband's inconsiderateness."

True wife! she could not give it a harsher term in words, though her soul loathed his dealing with that poor family.

"If you will permit me, I will go home and prepare a warm breakfast, and send it over at once; you need a cup of tea."

The poor woman looked up, as though she would drink in all the good and kindness she might find in the face before her.

"Perhaps I have judged you harshly, ma'am. You look like a kind-hearted woman. You know, and God knows, if you speak what is in your heart; and if you do, may I be forgiven for the bitter words I have uttered."

Mrs. Rankin could make no reply, but her tears were more convincing than words.

The neighbors were dropping in and offering their services, and Mrs. Rankin went home, and soon sent a good warm breakfast to the family.

Perhaps no tears more bitter were ever shed than those that poor Joe Miller dropped upon the white brow of his dead boy, lying in his little plain coffin; tears of keen self-accusation, as he thought that if his family had not been subjected to so severe privations, his boy might not have died.

"I did not know, oh! my poor lamb! how much avarice was in my heart," he groaned, as he pressed the little cold, dimpled hand, in his hard, honest palm.

How much compunction, if any, John Rankin may have felt, as he stood by the open grave of the poor man's child, is known only to the Searcher of all hearts. Ah! did he know

that, though on the side of their oppressor was power, they had one Comforter? He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, stood there in divine compassion, unseen, whispering by His blessed Spirit, to those bruised hearts—"The lad is not dead, but sleepeth."

Mrs. Rankin wrapped her furs and broad-cloth more tightly about her, as, leaning upon Mr. Rankin's arm, she turned away from the burial; for the frozen clods, falling upon the little coffin, sent a chill to her heart that crushed out almost the last feeling of love and reverence for her husband, though the path of duty lay plain before her, and she was not one to turn aside from her own obligations. And the contrast of their warm, costly clothing, with the thin, threadbare garments of the poor mourners, was a source of agony to her soul, from which it would have been a mercy to spare her.

John Rankin thought he did a praiseworthy act, when he paid to Joe Miller eighty-seven cents per cord for two hundred cords of wood, which would have been finished in the specified time, but for the death of the poor man's child.

IMPATIENCE WITH SLOW PROCESSES.

In my early childhood, says a writer in the *Watchman and Reflector*, a neighbor who had just returned from a place farther south than my mountain home, gave me a peach-stone, the first I had ever seen. His description of the beauty and lusciousness of the fruit, made me anxious to cultivate the tree, and so, the next May, I carefully planted the stone in the sunniest part of the garden. After several days, when other seeds planted at the same time, were bursting from the ground, I thought it time for my peach-germ to appear, and wishing to know why it did not I carefully removed the earth, only to find that there were no signs of germination. Replacing the earth, I waited another week, and then repeated the investigation, with the same result. At the end of the third week, finding no development, I dug down again, and was again disappointed. While musing upon the apparently hopeless prospect, a waggish neighbor, leaning over the garden fence, startled me from my reverie by the inquiry—

"Boy, what are you about there?"

I told him the whole story, and showed him the peach-stone, unopened, unaltered.

"Why, you little simpleton!" he said—"how do you think the sprout can get out of

that hard shell? You must crack it, boy; crack it, and then it will come up."

I was simple enough to think his advice rational; and so, in the man's presence, I laid the refractory thing on a rock, and with a stone, commenced the process of cracking, to facilitate the egress of the germ. But the shell was hard, and I had to increase the force of the blows, until at length it yielded, flying into fragments, and there lay the kernel, disengaged, crushed! There was a conflict of emotions—sorrow for my great loss, and indignation towards my adviser.

"Why, boy," he said, "you struck too hard;" and that was all the comfort he gave me.

That incident in my early experience has been serviceable to me as a life-lesson. Hundreds of times, when I have been impatient with slow processes, and felt like doing something to hasten them, I have been reminded of my peach-stone. Having endeavored to do my part of some work, I have often detected myself indulging anxiety respecting results, and wondering why they were not sooner apparent; and then I have thought of that little item in my history, and have been quieted into patient waiting. Never have I tried to anticipate the issues of Providence without marring my own work and shaming my hope with disappointment.

COMFORT.—The more numerous the comforts viewed as necessities by the great body of the people, and the farther those comforts are removed from gross sensuality, the higher the moral condition of that people, is a principle in politics without an exception. That warm house, the neat furniture, the comfortable meal, the decent clothing, the well-weeded and flower-decorated garden, the favorite singing-bird and spaniel, and the small but well chosen collection of books, are enjoyments beyond the means of the idle, and not the choice of the tavern-hunter.

LEARN THE SANCTITY OF DUTY.—It is to be feared that thousands, even of intelligent persons, and persons who are supposed to be religious beings, have no conception of the greatness of the idea of duty, of moral accountableness, of the meaning of the word "ought." But it is certain that nothing is done well until it is done from the sense of a controlling principle of inherent and essential rightness. Duty is the child of Love, and therefore there is power in all its teachings and commands.

LAY SERMONS.

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

With a start and a shudder, Alma unclosed her weary eyes, and caught her husband's hand as if to save herself from being swept away by the swift rolling current of death.

"Hold me fast—hold me fast. Rollin, do not let me go," whispered the faint voice, imploringly. "The waters are cold and deep. Do not leave me. Do not forsake me. Oh, beloved, I cannot descend into the cruel waves alone!"

The feeble, clinging arms stole up to Rollin Moore's neck, and the dim eyes, full of doubt and terror, were lifted pleadingly to his white agonised face.

Alas, poor human love! It was helpless in that hour. The strong arms that had sheltered the weak one from worldly dangers and troubles were powerless to shield her from the approaching terrors of death; the brave, valiant heart that was her fortress of strength and her pillow of rest, was shaken with sorrow and dismay when her feet went down to the dark flood from which no human power could pluck them.

Alma's husband groaned in anguish of spirit, and the sweat of agony stood in great drops upon his forehead. In that moment he seemed to hear his own voice speaking as it had spoken years before the solemn words of the marriage rite—

"I, Rollin, take thee, Alma, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part."

Oh, the cruel divorcement! Years had strengthened the ties that bound them together; mutual joys and sorrows had drawn them closer and closer to each other; kindred loves and purposes had knit their lives in one. Could death put them asunder?

To have and to hold, to love and to cherish, till death us do part.

Was their marriage only a temporal relation, then? Was the love which had made them better man and woman, which had brought them near to angels in the earth, to have no perpetuation in heaven?

Rollin had listened, a few Sabbaths previous, to a funeral discourse, in which occurred these words: "When we enter the other world, we cast behind us all earthly affections and sympathies. The gross relationships of this life which have their worldly use are forever dissolved by death. In heaven the wife knows not the husband, nor the husband the wife, the mother her son, nor the sister her brother;

but all are the angels of God, and one is not dearer than another."

All this might be gospel truth, but Rollin Moore could not accept it. It might be sound doctrine, but it was opposed to reason and instinct. It degraded the holiest of human ties to a mere temporal connection, so unspirited in its nature that it could not outlast the dissolution of soul and body. It severed the interests of this life from those of the next, and put heaven and earth so far asunder that it seemed impossible to believe that angels were ever men with human affections and impulses, or that men could ever become angels, dropping at the Celestial Gate the loves and sympathies that sweetened and hallowed their earthly existence, and entering without preparation on the never changing routine of heavenly life which "certain of the scribes and Pharisees" picture as one eternal Sabbath of formal worship.

Ah, if the best and holiest things of our mortal life bear no relation to our immortal, what were their use? Estrangement is the woe of love, but what avails our human faithfulness, if, at the door of Heaven, God thrusts His arm of power between us and the beloved, and says—"Ye are no longer one, but twain. Ye were joined together for time, not for eternity."

What were this better than expulsion from Paradise? What, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh in earth, and not soul of our soul in heaven?

"Till death us do part." The words rang in Rollin Moore's ears like the strokes of a funeral bell.

"Alma! Alma!" he cried, drawing the beloved head closer to his bosom. "The marriage vow reads wrong. Death shall not part us. To hold and to keep, to love and to cherish, to help and to comfort, to cheer and to sustain forever and forever, through all time and all eternity. Alma!"

She had floated farther away on the dark river, and her ear was growing deaf to earthly sounds; but that well-known voice, piercing in its anguish, might have reached her on the thither side. The failing eyes unclosed once more, but the doubt and terror had gone out of them, and in their serene, solemn depths shone the morning light of eternal peace.

Rollin bent his head low, and listened breathlessly to catch the words that fell from the poor, pale lips, faint and broken like music struck from a shattered chord.

"God sent His shining ones to bear me over. He will not part us, my beloved! We will be together—together."

A gasping sigh heaved the white bosom, a swift

shadow rolled over the tender face, and the veined eyelids, like rose leaves shaken by the storm, fluttered and fell softly over the fading orbs. It was only soulless clay that Rollin Moore held in his arms, yet he still believed it Alma, and drew it in closer embrace, calling it by all endearing names; and pressing passionate kisses on the dumb, un-answering mouth.

The struggle between dissolving soul and body is not more intense than the aftertime struggle in our own minds to believe them forever dissolved. It seems impossible to think that the dear face will never brighten again with the fires of feeling; and while we bend with heaving hearts over the still, white clay, we half expect to see the sealed eyes unclose and look at us with the tender, olden love, to feel the silent hands slipping into ours with mute sympathy, and to hear the beloved voice that will never more sound in the earth speaking words of comfort and cheer.

Slowly, slowly, do we come to realize the meaning of that word of terror—death. Yet more slowly do we grow in comprehension of the majesty of the life evolved from death—the unshackled life of the emancipated soul, which, bending no longer under fleshy infirmities, nor impeded in its progress by the opposing forces of matter, runs swiftly up to the shining heights which it strove in vain to reach while it contended against the powers and principalities of darkness that besieged it in the body; and, praises to God, whose truths are illimitable, without beginning and without end, sees from those shining heights others more brightly shining, and thither, with eyes that never blench, and purpose that never falters, and feet that never tire, it goeth, singing hallelujahs; so through the eternal ages, from glory to glory, climbeth the free spirit after God.

For hours, Rollin sat alone with his dead, his face bowed on the pulseless breast, and his hand clasping the marble fingers that gave back no answering pressure.

Dead! Oh, no. Asleep. The slumbering eyes would open, the parted lips would speak.

Silence reigned through the plague-stricken city, save when the roll of the death-cart echoed through the deserted streets, bearing its unconscious freight at all hours, by day and by night, to a city yet more silent.

In the gray of early dawn came the vigilant officers of health to separate the living from the dead, and, reckless of love's sorrow and entreaty, hastily prepared and sent away the mortal part of Alma to the grave. In dumb anguish Rollin staggered after, feeling vaguely that the foundations of the earth were broken up, and chaos reigned. Yet favored in one respect. In the haste and terror of the times, cruel custom was abolished, and there followed no crowd of curious lookers on, counting the groans and tears of the bereaved, and measuring the intensity of grief by its outward manifestations; nor in that solemn hour was there any

thought of mourning garb, the necessity of which is least recognized by those who feel deepest; nor any studied oration in honor of the deceased, customary and kindly meant, but, oh, so cruel—every word a stab to the grieving heart, strained well nigh to breaking in the effort of self-restraint, morbid in its dread of making an exhibition of its anguish to the public eye, and longing only for the comfort of secret prayer in closet solitude.

But the birds that builded their nests in the quiet cemetery, sang tenderly while Alma was lowered in the earth; the winds swinging in the tree-tops chanted softly her requiem; the clouds falling with hollow sound upon her coffin lid, said more eloquently than human tongue—"Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes!"

Swiftly the green turf was heaped above her low resting-place, and the fairest, sweetest face into which Rollin Moore had ever looked, was hidden forever from human eyes. Ah, pure, white temple of a beautiful soul! How could he think of it falling to ruin and decay? Again and again he strove to turn his feet away from that new-made grave, but they seemed bound to the spot by invisible cords. Alma was there. Not yet could he separate spirit from clay.

Communication with the beloved soul through the medium of sense being forever destroyed, he could not, for the dumbness of unbelief, come at once into that more subtle and interior communion, which is not in speech nor in touch, but in the more intimate things of the spirit. Death alone, he thought, could bring him near to the vanished one, and he longed for it passionately, hailing with fierce joy the first symptoms of the destroying pestilence whose foul breath had blown out the light of his soul, leaving it darkened and desolate like the sky emptied of its sun, and its stars veiled by clouds.

But death flees from flatterers. Death loves not a bold wooer. Perhaps the strongest indication that the discipline of this life is longer needed, is the insane desire that sometime seizes us to break its shackles by violence, and be at once and forever rid of it. The purifying fires have not done their perfect work until from the depths of the suffering soul rises the cry of the Divine man, "Abba, Father! Not what I will but what thou wilt." Ah, the infinite rest, the unspeakable peace that comes with the sincere utterance of those words! Then slips from our grasp the feeble staff of human prudence, which has failed us in many a trouble, and we find ourselves suddenly girt about by the sustaining arms of eternal love, that, while we trust them, will never more let us stumble or fall, but will bear us unharmed through the fiery trials from which we shrink and pray to escape, wailing in that tone of anguish that echoed through the heavy night in Gethsemane—"Take away this cup from me. Nevertheless" (mark the influx of divine strength—the mighty calm falling in the midst of the raging tempest), "nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt."

It seemed to Rollin in the delirium of his mortal sickness, that he went down to the dark river over which Alma had floated, desperate in his desire and resolve to cross to the unknown side in search of her whom he had lost. But Charon's boats were full, (for there were many souls launching at that time,) and when he strove to get passage the grim ferryman waved him back imperiously, saying, "Return, thou art not bidden, and another day will do for thee;" and notwithstanding there were some on board who would gladly have yielded him their places and returned in his stead, it was not so permitted. Then in his desperation, he was about to leap into the cold tide, and strike boldly, in his own strength, for the other shore, when (so ran the fever-dream) there appeared one of celestial loveliness and grace walking to him over the troubled waves, that straightway grew smooth as glass under her feet, (for she had gotten the victory over death) and as she drew near he cried out, joyfully, yet with awe and reverence, "Alma! Alma!" so those who ministered to him said, looking wonderingly at one another, "He dreams with open eyes." And the radiant one, with an ineffable love shining like the glory of the sun in her face, came close to him standing on the shore of Time, saying, in a voice that seemed some sweeter echo of Alma's, "Beloved, content thee for a little. Thou shalt pass the river by and by. Patience! The good Father knoweth the time. Our work in the earth is not yet finished, but for the better accomplishment of it, it is expedient that one of us be lifted into clearer vision than is possible in the human state, and with the strength and freedom of a spirit unclothed of flesh, flow into and inspire the other with courage and faith to act. We will work together as of old, and my life shall be in thy deed. Our love has been something too earthly in its nature, but now, purified and exalted, it shall become as the loves of the angels. Both of the world, we walked in worldly ways, but one lifted unto heaven shall draw the other thither."

The shining face veiled itself from Rollin's eyes, but a deep peace fell upon his soul, and remained. Thenceforth his life must be held sacred, for it was a medium through which a glorified soul communicated with earth, and shed abroad its benign influence. Reverently he took up his world-burdens and went forward, faithfully discharging every duty of his station, with consciousness that not one of them all was so trivial and unimportant that it bore not some relation to eternal ends. When dark days dropped in upon him, he saw a seraph face shining behind the cloud; and when his feet slipped into evil ways he felt the tender clinging clasp of a hand, which, if disregarded, slowly relaxed its hold, as Alma's did in her dying hour, signifying that as death severed their natural ties, so should sin their spiritual, for if, in his earthly sphere, he strove not for a purity of life corresponding to hers, by the eternal laws that govern good and ill they must inevitably be divorced.

"Brain-sick fancies!"

Do you think so, friend? I am sorry; for your scepticism deprives you of a very sweet source of consolation, and weakens the bond of affection between you and yours. And you do not walk so purely as you did in the first days of your bereavement, when you felt a haunting consciousness that the eyes you saw close on the world without, had opened in your soul, and were silent witnesses of all you thought and did. You shrunk from doing wrong then as if you were bringing grief to the heart that loved you so.

I know we all live as though a great gulf were fixed between us and those who have slipped the fetters of this life. The mother grieves for her babes as though they were eternally lost to her; the orphan weeps in loneliness of heart for youth's dead counsellor and comforter; friend mourns for friend as if the bond of brotherhood were forever broken; and the widowed, bowed down for a day with inconsolable woe, rise straightway and lay the old love in the grave with the mouldering clay, hushing it to sleep with a new hymenean—a tender lullaby. They must break up the old associations, they say, extenuatingly. They must form new ties or they cannot live.

Better not live. Better death for constancy's sake, than life perpetuated by the erection of a series of hymeneal altars on a foundation of sepulchral stones. What! is love only an outside garment of worldly textures, that fades, and wears out, and must be replaced by a new?

"Faithful till death." Good. But why so longer faithful? What power has death over the soul or the soul's affections? Call it not love which faints at the grave, and dissolves with the body. Love is undying as the soul. Love is undying as God. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

THE THORNS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—"I distinctly remember the first cross and disrespectful language which I spoke to my husband," said a lady, whose married life proved wretched. "It was two years after our marriage, and we had lived happily till then—till then," she repeated with excited earnestness; "bitter, recriminating words which could not be recalled—bitter, recriminating words which broke down the barrier of mutual respect. Once said, and it was easy to repeat them; unkindness was answered by coldness, disrespect by neglect."

Words, words! It is the unguarded word which oftener proves a root of bitterness in married life; the want of a proper discipline of speech which thrusts thorns and needles into family happiness. Young married people cannot be too careful in the exercise of a wholesome restraint over their tongues in their intercourse with each other, if they would preserve mutual respect and lay a solid basis for domestic tranquillity.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

BY THE SEA.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was not a pleasant place—at least it would not have been so to you or me, my small readers, but then it was *home* to her, and that, you know, as the homeless poet told us, is the dearest place on earth, no matter how homely it be.

They called her "Nannie," thus giving a rustic, old-fashioned sound to the "Annie," with which she had been christened. And she lived in a small brown house close by the sea; and she had been familiar with the sight and sound of it from her birth. She loved it in all its seasons and phases—loved it when the great tides came in with a strong laugh, and leaped in their fierce joy along the banks, and covered the gray sands with their shining depths. And she loved it when the tides went out softly, and the sands dried themselves in the sun, and the long, low curve of beach that made a little cove into which the vessels ran in the storms, looked like the glittering scales of some serpent spreading himself out to dry in the sun; and she loved the ocean when it rose up in its awful wrath, and the winds were abroad crying for vengeance. She loved to see the tumult, and rush, and battle of the waves, to hear them come in and thunder against the banks, and to see them leap over the black wall of "breakwater" which had been built far out to sea, so that the sloops, and schooners, and vessels of every name could find a safe harbor in the quiet waters close to the shore, when the storm walked in wrath outside.

And this little Nannie loved the ships, too, that used to walk so stately over that white floor of ocean, and day after day she would go down to her favorite seat, a small wooden bench that the fishermen had placed just under the shelter of the banks, and listen to hear what the sea had to tell her—the sea with its sweet voices, and solemn and fierce ones, but she was never afraid of it, not in its wildest and maddest hours, not when the angry waves seemed like the tramp of armed men to shake the solid ground—this little Nannie Drew.

Her father was a fisherman, and used to go off every summer for mackerel; he was a kindly-hearted man, and loved his little brown-eyed daughter, and never thought how the winds and the sun had freckled and tanned that small wistful face of hers; her mother was a bustling, hard-toiling housewife, faded and worn with care and labor, loving her little daughter, too, with a deep but undemonstrative affection, for that hard, sordid anxious life of hers, left little time for the graces that hang like festoons and clusters around these lives of ours that without them are so coarse and barren.

And this little Nannie Drew was likely to grow up much like her parents—a little improved perhaps, for nature had given her a softer and finer spirit, but still those early years of childhood are mighty in their moulding influences, and the domestic and social atmosphere in which this child's life had opened, was of that sort which depresses all aspirations which affords their delicate fibres nothing to cling to, and which almost inevitably narrows and hardens one.

Little Nannie Drew had no brother, but she had a cousin, the son of her father's dead sister, an orphan who had lived with them from his infancy. Brown, as they called him, for this had been his mother's maiden name, was a bright, brave lad, a couple of years in advance of Nannie, and the boy had a hearty, generous nature, which made everybody like him; but in all the world nobody loved him quite as well as that little sunny-haired, freckle-faced cousin of his—Nannie Drew.

And Brown loved her—in a sense, as well, only he had more to think of, for, as I said, he was a brave, active lad, and went "down east" every summer for mackerel with his uncle, and met a great many people, and saw a great many marvellous sights, and his life was full of stir, and adventure, and excitement, and the days that he went to gather shells on the sea shore with the girl, and dig clams in the sand, were only pleasant little episodes in the boy's life, while they were the great high tides of existence in that of his little cousin, Nannie Drew.

One summer Brown had made a journey to New York after he had got back from the mackerel expedition, and the day of his expected return a storm swept over the Atlantic coast, such as had not been known for years. How the waves rose and rolled like mountains, and beat against the great doors of the banks that God had set against them, I cannot tell.

Nannie Drew stood at the window, and listened to the raging of the storm, with a pallor on her small, thin face, which struck through all the tan, as she watched the laboring, heaving vessels making for the harbor inside the "breakwater," in which was comparative calm and safety. And at last a schooner rocked and struggled in sight, and Nannie felt at once—I cannot tell how—that on board that vessel was her dearest life—her cousin, Brown Cramer.

How she stood and watched the schooner making slowly for the lonely point of the cape where her house stood—how she prayed, short, fervent, agonizing prayers, that God would bring the struggling vessel safe to the harbor; it drew near the breakwater, and then a blast of wind seized it, she saw

the schooner wrestle a moment with the waves, and then—

Out into the pitiless rain—out into the mad wind bareheaded rushed the little girl. She fought her way down to the shore—the dashing waves drenched her with spray, and there as the wind flapped her garments about her, as she strained her eyes out to sea, she saw something dark struggling on the uttermost point of the breakwater. A small sloop that was near approached it—it was comparatively safe to do that on the inside, and—for blinding rain and bitter tears little Nannie Drew could see no more.

But she did, when a couple of hours later, her cousin, senseless, dripping, and almost drowned, was brought to the shore, and carried up to the cottage. After a long while restoratives brought the young sailor boy back to life, and as soon as he could understand her, Nannie put her face, dripping with joyful tears down to his, "Oh, Brown," she said, "I do believe it was the prayers I made there by the window, watching the schooner coming in, that has saved you, of all the others."

And after awhile Brown, pulling down her face, whispered, "And you don't know, Nannie, what the prayers have done for you, too!"

And little by little, as he gained strength, he told his eager little cousin, how on the voyage out, he had saved a little child, who had fallen overboard, from drowning, and how the grateful father had given him a hundred dollars.

And Brown had resolved with this hundred dollars, stowed snugly away in his vest pocket, that he should send Nannie up to the Academy on the Flats, so that she should grow up to be a lady like those he met on his voyage, and not a poor, faded broken down fishwife, like the women at the Cape. And Nannie listened, with her bright brown eyes growing wide for joy, and her heart thrilling and throbbing with tumultuous delight as this new life of hope, and grace, and knowledge, opened its fair vista before her.

And suddenly Brown lifted his head with a swift fear in his face—

"Oh, Nannie," he said, "It may be that the money was lost or spoiled when I went under, out yonder. Look in my pocket for the leather wallet."

And Nannie searched with fingers that shook a moment for fear, and then with a sudden flash of light in her face, she drew from the depths of the wet pocket the old worn, black wallet.

"Here it is, Brown!" holding it up before him.

Brown seized and opened it. He drew out the roll of bank bills that held such beautiful possibilities of her future for Nannie Drew. They were safe and dry. The water had not so much as touched them. Can you think what a prayer of gratitude and thanksgiving the heart of Nannie Drew sent up that night for her two gifts, as the storm went down, and the moon came up and wrapped in silver light the cottage by the sea?

LITTLE BARBY.

Yes, I will tell you how I found my pattern-girl, if you will sit by me here on the shady porch with your knitting. It's so pleasant to talk while one's working.

Let me see, it's nearly eight years ago since I first became acquainted with Barby. I had gone down to the city one fine June morning, bright and early, so as to have all the day to myself. I was walking along Market Street, thinking of all I had got to do, when I heard a childish voice saying softly—

"Did God make all those flowers, I wonder?"

It did not seem that the question was addressed to any one in particular, for when I looked around I saw only a little girl, and her sad, dreamy eyes were fixed not on me but on the flowers which I carried in my hand. What a weird little old face it was, with the pale, pinched features shaded by a faded calico hood, and the mouth with such a grieved, unchildish expression about it. She seemed at last to have settled the question in her own mind, for, after another wistful glance or two, she drew a deep, weary sigh, and turned away. But I laid my hand on the little one's shoulder, and held her back.

"Do you love flowers, my child?"

The little girl started and looked up wonderingly, plainly showing that she had only been attracted by the flowers, and had not noticed me at all. But apparently she saw nothing to be afraid of in my face, for a sweet smile broke all over hers, making it for the moment quite pretty, as she cried out eagerly—

"Oh, very much indeed, ma'am; I can't tell you how much."

My errand to the city that day was a very perplexing one. I had many purchases to make—a regular shopping expedition, you know—and how to strike the balance between a rather scanty purse and the exorbitant prices demanded for the most common goods, had quite burdened my mind. Many times during my short ride in the cars I had taken out my list of what I had considered purely necessary articles, and run my pencil through those that could possibly be dispensed with.

But this was not the whole of my troubles. My maid-of-all-work had that morning given me warning of her intention to quit my service, and that, too, when the summer work promised to be most heavy. If I should secure no efficient help before harvest and hay-making began, I was aware that I should be obliged to stand the blunt myself. This, with my cheerful temperament and healthy physical organization, seemed not so formidable as it might have appeared to a more delicate or less hopeful person. I had a charming house, in perfect order, with everything convenient—as we say in the country. The pump-house just at the door, with the coolest and freshest of spring-water—the wood-shed well replenished, and not a stone's throw from the kitchen step—the milk-house hidden in

the corner of the yard, beneath the shade of a spreading maple—flour in the barrel, vegetables and fruit in the garden—what more could I ask?

Besides, I had—as you know by this time—one of the most obliging and efficient of husbands, who could milk, churn, almost make the butter, and bake the bread and pies. Many a time had Hal and I weathered just such an emergency as that which then threatened us, and always came out of it with flying colors. Indeed—though I say it myself—we might be called models of industry and energy, considering the city bringing-up I have had, and that Hal had not worked on a farm since his boyhood. But the confinement and closeness of a counting-house had grown wearisome and trying to his health and spirits, and I saw he pined for the old haunts. So I had blithely consented; and here we are.

I have forgotten Barby, you say. No, I have not forgotten Barby—for that I learned was her name, putting the question with true Yankee straightforwardness. There she still stood, casting shy glances at my face as I pondered some weighty thought that had just occurred to me. Part of my business in the city was to look for a little girl fit to take charge of my five-year-old Alice and my baby Charley, who was just able then to toddle about and get himself into all manner of mischief. Might this not be the very little girl?

Now I have a horror of admitting strange children into one's family without knowing their dispositions and character. It is a hazardous experiment; for little ones are always so ready to learn what is naughty, and the mind, once impressed with evil, so long retains its scars. So I think we ought to be very careful—don't you? But this child had such a sweet, pure face that there was no resisting it; and—why should I not confess it?—the sad, wistful look tugged hard at my woman's heart. And then her love for the flowers. That was not singular in a child; but the words she had used in admiring them were rather so, and I resolved to know more about her.

But just as I had begun to talk to her again, a coarse-looking woman bustled up, with a large basket on her arm, and called out sharply—

"Come, Barby, what are you loitering here for? Run home with the marketing as I bid ye do, or ye'll lose your dinner, I promise ye."

I had not noticed it before, so intent was I on reading Barby's character in her face, and with my own thoughts besides; but now I saw that she, too, carried a heavy basket—the poor little thing!—and its weight was bearing down her slight arm.

I hastened to explain that Barby had been admiring my flowers, and I had thoughtlessly detained her. The woman, who at first seemed to be rather suspicious and brusque in her manner towards me, was somewhat mollified when I so courteously addressed her, and, as we were going the same way, condescended to enter into some particulars of Barby's history. But first she re-

peated her commands to the child to hasten home, enforcing her words with a dark threatening look and shake of the fist, that was meant for "by play," but which I noticed as well as the little frightened Barby.

Just as she was turning to go, I threw my bunch of flowers into her basket. They had been gathered from choice varieties for an invalid friend, on whom I intended to call before leaving the city. But I thought them well bestowed on the neglected child, and my friend, to whom I afterwards related the circumstances, assured me that the story did her more good than if she had been presented with the finest bouquet of the greenhouse.

"Your little daughter seems to be very fond of flowers," I remarked to the woman, as she elbowed her way through the crowd.

"Darter! No darter of mine, then—I'd be sorry for it. I've six of my own—the oratures!—but never such a milk and water face as that un."

"So much the better," I thought to myself; "it seemed strange indeed that such a child as that should belong to so repulsive a stock." But I asked aloud in reference to something her speech had suggested—

"Is not Barby a good child, then?"

"Good enough as far as it goes. But it's precious little I can get out of her. She's forever standing moonstruck like, just as she was doing but now. Then she's always saying this is not right, and that's wicked, just as if me, who am so much older than she is, oughtn't to know best. I keeps a green-grocer's shop, mem, and some folks wants their things Sunday mornings, 'cause you know most of the men aint paid till late Saturday night. And don't you think that little thing is so bold as to stand up and tell me that it's very sinful—yes, that's her word—to keep open shop on Sunday? She was bad enough while her mother lived with her hymns and prayers, but since I was so foolish as to let her go to the Sunday-school, she's far worse, always asking if God made this and that, and what's they fur."

"That accounts for her remark about the flowers," observed I, without making any comment on my companion's rather loose ideas about right and wrong. "She was wondering if God made them. I should think she had never been much used to things of that sort."

"No more she hasn't, mem, if it weren't in the great folks' windows, or in the markets, or maybe the leddies' bunnets. But it's like her impudence, it is, to stop people in the streets and ask questions about what they're carrying. I'll break her of it, if I have to beat her and starve her worse than I do now."

I was horrified, you may be sure, at the passion I had aroused, and fearful that I had done poor little Barby more harm than good by taking an interest in her affairs. But as the woman went on talking and scolding, I found from her words that she would be glad to get rid of one whom she con-

sidered a burden, and would most likely close with my offer to take the little girl with me.

To make this part of my story short, I need only say that I gathered from the conversation, if such it could be called, that Barby's father and mother had been good, industrious people, and once seen better days. Sickness of both husband and wife had deprived them of the means of living, and finally they had been obliged to leave their little child to the tender mercies of this virago, with whom they lodged. After their death she had taken possession of what few articles of clothing and furniture were left, ostensibly in trust for little Barby. But having disposed of them in one way or another for her own benefit, was now anxious to part with the only witness to her greed and extortion.

I need only add, that, in making my purchases that day, the price of a summer *barège* for myself, which I had thought I could not possibly do without, was spent on some calicoes and muslins for little Barby, and that she accompanied me home in the cars with a happy, grateful expression on her pale features that well repaid me for the sacrifice I had made. She had never been out of the city before, and enjoyed her ride to the full, expressing her pleasure at the sight of different country objects in a simple child-like fashion that was very delightful to me.

I shall never forget Hal's amused face when he met me at the station and saw the little mite in her faded pink hood and scanty, patched garments, for I had brought her just as she was, the old woman insisting that she had no change of clothing worth bothering such a lady as I with. He kept in his merriment, however, until we were safely bestowed in the wagon, and then, Barby being packed away on the back seat with all the rest of the parcels, he whispered to know "if that was a second edition of Dickens' small servant, and if I expected her to take the place of stout Susan Brown, and go into the butter and cheese-making forthwith?"

"Why no, Hal," I remonstrated, "you know I have been wanting some one a little older than Alice and Charley to look after and play with them while I am busy. And then, sir, she is full ten years old, though she has been starved into looking like six. Wait till you see what kind treatment and good country air and living will do for her, and then laugh if you will."

In the same subdued tones I afterwards recounted the particulars of Barby's history to him, at which he was justly indignant, and talked of prosecuting the wretch who had abused her, until I persuaded him that there would be no manner of use in doing so, as we could prove nothing against her. But from that day to this, Barby has not had a truer friend and protector than my noble, warm-hearted husband.

As to Alice and baby Charley, they were friends with Barby at once, and I never had any fear of trusting them with her after the few first days.

There was a large summer-house at the bottom of the garden, and this, when they were tired of running about and drawing little Charley in his carriage, was used for a play-house and telling stories in, or for what not. At first I used to steal out and listen to what Barby was talking about to my little ones—for I was a trifle anxious at first, you know, considering that Barby had lived in such a rough, exposed way. But, as I have somewhere read, "a sunbeam may pass through pollution unpolluted;" and the Almighty had been very gracious to little Barby, and kept her from the evil. All her stories were about God and the wonderful things He has made, with scraps of Scripture history that she had learned from her parents, or in the Sunday-school where she had been permitted to go for a very short season.

A few months made a great improvement in Barby's appearance, and rendered her quite presentable. She grew plump and rosy, with that pure sweet cast of countenance that never fades like the evanescent beauty of mere youth. And as she became older, she fell into my ways so nicely, having that ready tact which we New Englanders call "faculty," and which some people certainly possess in perfection, while others again are lamentably deficient of it. Everything she took in hand seemed to be done just right, and with an ease and gracefulness that made it look like play instead of work. You were not far wrong when you called her just now my "pattern-girl."

But an event took place when Barby had been with us about four years that has made her dearer than ever to us. She was the means, under Divine Providence, of saving the life of our little Charley—at the least of preventing him from becoming a miserable cripple.

I will tell you how it happened. You remember the grove of cherry-trees that used to line the side of the orchard next the road, just in sight of the house. They were very tall and dangerous to climb, and none but the farm-laborers were venturesome enough to attempt a perch on their airy branches to pluck their crimson fruit. I was always very careful to have the ladder that was used for this purpose carried away quite out of sight as soon as a sufficient quantity of cherries had been gathered for that day's use, for Charley, just then entering his sixth year, had the very spirit of boyish daring and mischief in him, and was just the child to venture on such an enterprise. But on that particular morning the men had been suddenly called away, and I was very busy in the kitchen stoning and weighing the fruit for preserving. The children had strayed to the orchard to pick up the cherries which were always thrown down for them, and Barby was with them as usual, when, wanting her for some purpose, I called her to the house.

I remember I was almost impatient with her, she seemed so unlike herself, and performed the task I had set her so reluctantly, often leaving it to go to the door and look in the direction of the orchard.

I had forgotten the ladder, and felt no apprehension about the children, for Alice was then old enough to take some care of her brother, and I was just about to reprove Barby rather sharply for her restlessness, when suddenly I saw her turn white and clasp her hands with a look of agony. Directly I was at her side, for I instinctively comprehended the cause of her distress. Alice, who was very fond of reading, had established herself with a book at some distance from the trees, and was too absorbed to heed what was going on around her; while Charley, intent on fun, had climbed the ladder, and, finding that an easy performance, clambered on, until he had gained quite a perilous height from the ground.

For one moment I stood paralyzed, and then, recovering myself, was about to rush distractedly from the house, when Barby stopped me, throwing her arms round my knees to prevent my going.

"Don't run, ma'am—don't scream—please don't. Charley will get frightened if you do, and fall at once. Oh, please let me go by myself. I know I can save him, if God helps me."

It seemed as if God was indeed helping the brave little girl. For, although she was dreadfully frightened and trembled like a leaf, she walked as quietly as if nothing had been amiss to the foot of the tree, calling out softly in her natural voice, though I, who watched her with an intense keenness of agony that none but a mother can know, felt the quiver in its tones—

"Barby is coming, Charley dear; hold fast to the branch till Barby comes to pick cherries for you."

For an instant I was in despair, knowing that the girl had never climbed a tree, and was as great a coward about it as I. Then I prayed to God; and I think my heart stood still, so breathless a silence seemed to fall about me, and all became dark be-

tween me and her. But I did not faint. Something seemed to clear the mists away, and, when I looked again, Barby was already up the tree, climbing higher and higher, and actually laughing back to my boy's merry laugh, who sat with one arm round a large limb, and the other little white hand in his glee fluttering up and down like a bird.

I only waited to see that Barby had reached him, was clasping him close, and had gained a comparatively safe position in a fork of the tree; then I dashed off full speed to the field for help to rescue them both from their hazardous situation. I only had breath to tell my errand, when I fell into a long swoon, from which I was restored by the touch of a little hand on my hair, the pressure of soft, sweet lips to mine, and the whispered words—

"Mamma, dear mamma, Charley will be so good."

I opened my eyes. My boy was in his father's arms, who was bending tenderly over me. Barby was weeping as if her heart would break; for as soon as the necessity for action was past, her nerves, relaxed from their tension, became weak and unstrung. I remember I clasped them both in my arms, and called Barby "daughter;" and from that time we have always thought of and treated her as such. She has shared Allie's lessons, and been taught by the same masters. I have never made any difference between them in dress, or the privilege of accompanying me on visits or other excursions; and to the other two she has always been like a dear elder sister.

But I believe I must stop now, for if I should talk from this until to-morrow morning, I could scarcely tell you enough about our—I am afraid I shall soon be obliged to leave off calling her—"little Barby."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

OCTOBER.

Brilliant October! with its rare mellow skies, its golden sunshine, its gorgeous forest robes. Well has the poet said—

"Of all the lovely seasons of the year
None is so full of majesty as this,
When red October, like a king of old—
As wise as rich, and generous as wise—
Smiles on the untaxed garner of the land."

We have to look upon the "untaxed garner" rather as a poetical figure now-a-days, than as a practical fact. The poet of eighteen hundred and thirty paints a very dazzling picture to the citizen of eighteen sixty-five, whose newspaper is filled with income lists, and whose property after the most conscientious squeezing still foots up more than six hundred a year!

But, seriously, we have been astonished many times in the past year to learn from the tax list how economically our neighbors live, and how much display they contrive to make on very little money.

Opposite us lives a commission merchant who keeps three servants, a carriage, and a large family of children on the the very moderate allowance of eighteen hundred dollars per annum.

We look with undisguised admiration upon the portly mistress of the establishment as she takes her daily drive. What a model housekeeper she must be. How carefully she must guard against the slightest extravagance or waste in the family expenditure. In our innocence we had imagined the yearly outlay must have been five or six thousand at the very least calculation; but we learn recently from our daily paper that all this elegance may be purchased for a

few paltry hundreds. This is by no means a solitary case in our vicinity. All our neighbors (vide income list) are exercising the same frugality. They go to Niagara and Saratoga for the season, stop at the most expensive hotels, indulge in all the luxuries of life upon a sum of money which would hardly maintain a family of mosquitoes in respectable circumstances. Truly this is an age of wonders. As the orator remarked, "the resources of this people are truly remarkable."

We hope the poet will forgive us for this digression, suggested by the "untaxed garners," while we return again to the description of beautiful October, the perfect, dead-ripe season of the year.

"The fields lie cleared and brown; and all the woods
Gleam with a mellow splendor, where the gold
Vies with the purple and the crimson glory—
The sunset of the year. Whence soon shall follow
The gusty twilight of November days;
Then the dull, rainy eve, till winter comes
Like a white moonlight night, and shuts the scene
With his pervading snow. The prairie grass
Sways, seethes, and dryly rustles in the air—
A harvest sound, where only fire shall reap;
And over all an azure mist is spread,
Silent and dreamy, where the autumn sun
Rolls flushed and large, and, through the smoky
sky
The airy eagle, like a pirate bark,
Sails, tacks, and veers, and looks abroad for prey."

Whenever this season returns we think of Winthrop, the young hero, who, in the first year of the recent struggle, gave his life to his country. How in his writings he seems to revel in the glories of October. In two of his best stories the scenes are laid during this month. The Autumn Ride across the Plains. Who that has read can ever forget it. It is full of the buoyant, rollicking, eager life of the young writer. It is here he tells us—

"The climate of the best zone in America is transcendent for its purpose. Its purpose is to keep men at their keenest, at high edge, and high ardor all the time. Then for enchanting luxury of repose when ardent summer has achieved its harvest, and all the measure of the year is full, comes ripe October, with its golden, slumberous air. The atmosphere is visible sunshine. Every leaf in the forest changes to a resplendent blossom. The woods are rich and splendid, but not glaring. Nothing breaks the tranquil wealthy sentiment of the time. It is the year's delightful holiday."

Have we not all felt an enthusiasm akin to that which Winthrop describes as animating the doughty Revolutionary hero, Major Peter Skerrett, who looking upon an American landscape in the cool, hazy autumn morning, exclaims—

"O, October, you have intoxicated me! I challenge the world. Hold me somebody, or I shall jump over the Highlands and take Sir Harry Clinton by the hair, then up to Saratoga and pick up Jack Burgoyne, knock their pates together, and fling them over the Atlantic."

October was quite as gorgeous to see, as it was glorious to tippie. It was in the Skerrett blood to love color.

"Color! O, blazes, what a conflagration of landscape," thought the major. "O, rainbows, what delicious blending! V. I. B. G. Y. O. R. Violet hills far away—indigo zenith, blue sky on the hill-tops, green pastures, yellow elms, chestnuts and ashes, orange pumpkins, red maples! Flames! Rainbows! Splen-

dors! Take my blood, oh, my dear country! and cheap too for such a pageant."

There were two parts to the scene he was regarding with this exhilaration—a flat part and an upright part. All around was a great scope of fertile plain gerrymandered with farms. Half a mile away in front the sudden mountains set up their backs to show their many-colored gaberdines, crimson, purple, and gold at the bottom flounce, belted with different shades of the same in regular gradation above, and sprigged all over with pines and cedars green as May.

The morning sun winked at the major over the summits, saying, as plain as a wink can speak, "Beat this, my Skerrett, in any climate, on any continent, if you can!"

The major with both his eyes blinked back, ecstatically, "It can't be beat, O, Sol! It can't be beat."

No! The major was right. It "can't be beat." Who that lives in this country has not looked upon just such a scene, and felt the same emotions stirring in the heart. Talk about tropical luxuriance, or Alpine grandeur. They all dwindle into insignificance when compared with American mountain scenery in beautiful, golden October.

Well, the season finds many of the members of the Home Circle still abroad, for whoever enjoys nature in her grandest moods will not fail to spend this month in travel. The heat of summer has passed. The nights are cool and comfortable, the days warm, bright and sunny. It is the season for enjoyment above all others.

THE VOYAGER.

BY BEACLAIR.

A boat lay on the summer sea,
The breezes rocked it lightly—
While far around so placidly,
The water glistened brightly;
And far away was dimly seen,
The sails so whitely gleaming;
And calmly as an infant's dream,
The sun was o'er it beaming.

An infant wreathed with summer flowers,
Within that boat was sleeping;
While angels from their fairy bowers,
Looked down upon it weeping:
For in the west, like thought of ill,
The storm clouds darkly hover,
And o'er the child a quivering chill,
Revealed its scanty cover.

The waves arise! the bark afloat,
Upon their heaving bosom,
The infant in its tiny boat
With leaves, and buds, and blossoms,
Are borne far out upon the wave,
With all their restless motion;
To find a dark and unknown grave,
Within the depths of ocean.

Or, perchance, on some islet green,
Some wave engirdled aiden,
Which mortal eyes hath seldom seen,
That form with flowerets laden,
Shall find a resting place at last,
Within its cradle lying,
While trees above their shadows cast,
And winds are round it sighing.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

Specimens of backwoods eloquence have become rather scarce of late, but a cotemporary tells the following:—

A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman, accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time; and thus he spoke in conclusion:—"Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy, but could not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim—and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building, in the cold, damp, dead of the night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amid the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented, to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give!" The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

Spread-eagle speeches, which during the last four years in the serious work of our nation were quite out of date, bid fair now to have a generous revival. The passages which follow were copied from an actual speech delivered in Rome, Tennessee, on Fourth of July last. It is some time since we have had the "Revolutionary Fathers" served up in such an imposing manner. It is truly refreshing.

*Battalioned in gloom they were pensioners for immortality. Curbless as was their zeal it was a bulimia for their liberty. Could we but learn from immortality their fame, or presage their memory, the priceless league—the serried ranks, the siren yell, the solemn march, the cracking bone, the flying flesh—the clinic pang, the grilling wail, the quenchless sigh, and the clattering footsteps of that army, welding sympathy to ages, and liberty to life, will float down the rapids of mortality, and whistling salvation along the whirlpool of nations they enter, like their fathers, a sea of bliss. With their knees as their minaret their dædic peals stream along the jaded lines and flapping ensigns of the army, and touching the angelic wires with telegraphic flight, they dart through the labyrinth of other worlds to be printed in italics in the newspapers of eternity. It shall be remembered at the day of judgment, for the militia of America shall be enrolled in the orchestra of the universe. That day, fellow citizens, how ecstatic must be their jubilee. Were our intellect a volcano we would reddens its lava and widen its mouth, as we contemplate the father of our country leaping from his grave and hailing the resurrection of his departed comrades, as we see the snowy forms, the lurid stare, the frantic yell, drifting towards the shades of Mount Vernon. As we watch the tensive heart, the telling look, the scaphic smile, crowding solicitude with tears to play in the embrace of a Washington, as we picture the once noble forms and shiny equipages gnawed with rust and insects, all polished for immortality, as we view the martial step and prompt array of battalions and cavalries marshalled by the drum-sticks of another world, all eager for his inaugural; as we listen to his last sad tribute to a land which was the darling

of his heart and septore of his bones, so eloquent mid their departure, as we think of them headed with the feathered ensign of America's pride streaming through milky ways and rainbow domes for Jordan's banks, festive with cherubic songs, and crowded with the boats of Paradise, we would fancy parades, and serenades mid its roral gales, lepid glens and truttaecous charms, and all ticketed for glory, and chartering immortality's fleetest steamer they muster the army, they unloosen the moorings, and pealing their last farewell from the hurricane deck, they start for Satan's Landing, and hearing from yon dismal cell Arnold and his traitorous gang squirming mid the vices of retribution, they foil hell's batteries and scale its parapets and doxioizogizing along the suburbs of that aristocratic city, they join the deputation from heaven's artillery to be hailed by the mayor in the citidal. We may pauperize our intellect but we cannot dramatize their valor. We cannot master a diction that can garnish one diamond or sully one pearl in the coronated wreath of their rubic diadem."

WOMAN'S DUTIES.

Whatever may be the proper "sphere of woman," whether it is her destiny to mend stockings, or to make speeches, whether solely to wash dishes, or to vary the exercise with a turn at the ballot-box, one thing is becoming daily more and more apparent, viz., that the early training and education of females as a class is not what it should be to make them competent wives and mothers, and ornaments to society. Of the vitiated atmosphere in which girls are reared Gail Hamilton in her upright, downright way, puts the matter thus:—

"This tone of sentiment is such as to diminish girls' self-respect, mar their purity, and dwarf their being. They inhale, they imbibe, they are steeped in the idea, that the great business of their life is marriage, and if they fail to secure that they will become utterly bankrupt and pitiable. Naturally this idea becomes their ruling motive; all their course is bent to its guidance; and from this idea and this course of action spring crime, and sorrow, and disaster, 'in thick array of depth immeasurable.'

"I have seen girls—respectable, well-educated, daughters of Christian families, of families who think they believe that man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever, who profess to make the Bible their rule of faith and practice, to eschew the pomps and vanities of this world, and consecrate themselves to the Lord—who are yet trained to think and talk of marriage in a manner utterly commercial and frivolous. Allusions to and conversations on the subject are of such a nature that they cannot remain unmarried without shame. They are taught, not in direct terms at so much a lesson, like music or German, but indirectly, and with a thoroughness which no music-master can equal, that, if a woman is not married, it is because she is not attractive, that to be unattractive to men is the most dismal and dreadful misfortune, and that for an unmarried woman earth has no honor and no happiness, but only toleration and a mitigated or unmitigated contempt.

"What is the burden of the song that is sung to girls and women? Are they counselled to be active, self-helpful, self-reliant, alert, ingenious, energetic, aggressive? Are they strengthened to find out a path for themselves, and to walk in it unshamed? Are they braced and toned up to solve for themselves the problems of life, to bear its ills undaunted and meet its happiness unbewildered? Go to! Such a thing was never heard of. It is woman's rights! It is

strong-minded! It is discontented with your sphere! It is masculine! Milton and St. Paul to the rescue!

'For contemplation he, and valor formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.'

So 'she' is urged to cultivate sweet attractive grace by acquainting herself with housework, by learning to sew, and starch, and make bread, to be economical and housewifely, and so a helpmeet to the husband who is assumed for her. This is the true way to be attractive, she is informed. 'Men admire you in the ball-room,' say the mentors and mentoreesses, 'but they choose a wife from the home-circle.' Marriage is simply a reward of merit. Do not be extravagant, or careless, or bold, or rude, for so you will scare away suitors. Be prudent, and tidy, and simple, and gentle, and timid, and you will be surrounded by them, and that is heaven, and secure a husband, which is the heaven of heavens. A flood of stories and anecdotes deluges us with proof. Arthur falls in love with beautiful, romantic, poetic, accomplished Leonie, till she faints one day, and he rushes into her room for a smelling-bottle, and finds no hartshorn, but much confusion and dust, while plain Molly's room is neat and tidy, and overflows with hartshorn, whereupon he falls out of love with Leonie, in with Molly, and virtue and vice have their reward. Or Charles pays a morning visit, and is entertained sumptuously in the parlor by Anabel, and Arabel, and Claribel, and Isabel, in silk, while Cinderella stays in the kitchen in calico and linen collar. But Charles catches a glimpse of Cinderella behind the door, and loves and marries the humble, grateful girl, to the disappointment and deep disgust of her frounce and jewelled sisters. Or Jane at the tea-table cuts the cheese-rind too thick, and handsome young Leonard infers that she will be extravagant; Harriet pares it too thin, and that stands for niggardliness; but Mary hits the golden mean, and is rewarded with and by handsome young Leonard. Or a broomstick lies in the way, over which Clara, Anna, Laura, and the rest step unheeding or indifferent, and only Lucy picks it up and replaces it, which Harry, standing by, makes a note of, and Lucy is paid with the honor of being Harry's wife. Moral: Go you and do likewise, and verily you shall have your reward, or at least you stand a much better chance of having it than if you do differently. 'Be good, and you will be married,' is the essence of the lesson."

The picture is a true one. We see the same thing in every day life, when Jane is cautioned to be modest, Eliza tidy, and Martha industrious, merely because young gentlemen will admire them for these virtues. "Don't talk about Thackeray," said a silly woman, who never ought to have been a mother to her daughter of eighteen, "Frank can't endure a blue stocking," the said Frank being a proposed husband of the young lady in question.

Girls are not taught to be good, noble, pure, and true, because those qualities are lovely in themselves. The virtues are not implanted in their hearts to spring spontaneously therefrom, beautifying the outer and inner life, and contributing to the happiness of the world, but they are to be put on for exterior adornment, like ribbons upon the horns of cattle at a market fair, to render them more attractive to purchasers.

Girls should be educated to be simply noble, high-minded intelligent women. Then if they marry, so much the better for their husbands. If they do not, they are the better calculated to care for themselves.

There is another phase of female training upon

which it were well something were said anew, although the subject has been often discussed before. A woman should be sufficiently well educated to be a fit partner for her husband, to understand his business, and to be his confidante in all the transactions of his daily life. The thought has often occurred to us in reading of the recent numerous defalcations among men holding places of trust in business circles, how many of the wives of those men knew aught concerning the affairs of their husbands? How many knew whether their income would allow of the extravagance they were indulging? Were they not aware that a paltry salary could not supply all the luxuries with which they were surrounded? Were they so ignorant as to suppose that an elegant establishment could be maintained upon an income of a few hundreds merely?—or, knowing, did they wilfully shut their eyes to the truth, for the sake of selfish indulgence? If the former, they are deserving of our pity; if the latter, no censure can be too severe. Have they, then, not been criminal, as well as their more unfortunate partners? Have they not urged expenditure which almost necessitated robbery? Have they not forgotten that the office of a "perfect woman, nobly planned," is to "scara," as well as to "comfort and command?" But, says some one, with the old-time pitying sneer, "Women cannot understand men's affairs; they have not sufficient intelligence." The assertion is but too true, and it is just this ignorance of which we complain. A woman should have a cultivated mind, as well as heart, that in all the walks of life she may stand an equal by her husband, his honored counsellor in all things, just what God intended she should be, an help meet for him. Then we shall hear less of extravagant women, who have lived far beyond their husband's means, and, perchance, less of dishonest men, for oftentimes a weak moral nature might be kept in the path of rectitude by a strong, loving heart, and judicious, intelligent wifely counsels.

INCIDENT OF HOGARTH.

A very popular work, entitled "Anecdotes of English Artists," contains the following anecdote concerning the famous "Tail Piece," painted by the great Hogarth:—

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things."

"If this is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly, he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which denotes the end of all things—a broken bottle, an old broom, worn to the stump, the butt end of an old firelock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, a crown tumbling to pieces, towers in ruins, a sign-post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the

globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone, and chains which held it falling down, Phœbus and his horse dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play-book open, with "exeunt omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far, so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet, broken. "Fins!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done—all is over."

It is a remarkable and well known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.

"THE SHORE."

September 1, 1865.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:—

What a glorious thing is a "sundown." Do not imagine now that I refer to anything serial or supernatural in this expression, azure clouds with golden fringes, purple and silver bars, with glory streaming through, or anything of that sort, for a "sundown" in modern parlance, though in its way "heavenly," (as the girls say) is yet an article which is strictly of the earth, earthy. I shall not attempt to describe it. Pen, ink and paper, would fail to indicate its wonderful circumference, its vast proportions. But if upon your arrival at "The Shore," you discover what appears to be an animated haystack, belted down with a ribbon, over some mysterious locomotive power concealed beneath, do not fail to secure a close inspection of the strange phenomenon. It will occasion you much inconvenience, perhaps, some rapid strides, and no little artful dodging; but, in the end, you will feel amply repaid for all your trouble, when the wonderful mechanism proves to be a pair of bright eyes, ruby lips, a "waterfall," half a dozen "rats," quantities of ribbons and laces, the "tout ensemble" making one of those dear, delightful creatures, whom, as the poet says—

"Men call angels, when they sing,

"Young ladies," when they speak in prose,
Sweet things, as everybody knows."

I sprang from the cars upon the morning of my first arrival at "The Shore," and seeing a straw bonnet in the distance, was just brushing up my hat a little, when I felt a hand placed emphatically upon my shoulder, and heard a voice exclaiming—"All, my dear fellow, I'm glad to see you!"

The hand and voice proved to belong to my old friend Ned, who had arrived the week before, and was at the depot, watching for acquaintances among the fresh arrivals.

"Well," said I, as we walked arm in arm towards the hotel, "how goes the 'season' this year—eh, Ned?"

"Capitally!" said he, rubbing his hands briskly for a minute; but his voice fell as he caught sight of a group of passing females, and added—"all except those abominable 'sundowns.'"

I glanced inquiringly towards the western sky.

"Oh, it isn't that, old fellow," said he, laughing at my very natural mistake—"It's the thatched roofs the women are wearing upon their heads this year. They are shut out of the world as completely as though they were snails, and carried their houses upon their

backs. You recollect little Miss Mowcher, in David Copperfield, who couldn't be seen when her umbrella was raised? Well, that's what all the girls are like at 'The Shore' this season.

"Why," said he, "it throws me into a fine perspiration to think of all the mortification those things have caused me during the past week. A clear-eyed, far-seeing fellow like you, might not mind it, but for a near-sighted individual like myself, it is not so agreeable, by any means.

"I've given almost every woman I knew the cut direct, and bowed to dozens with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance, so that almost every lady at the Hotel has a charge against me of either neglect or impudence. If you had not come, I should have become hopelessly insane by to-morrow. I would go elsewhere, but am assured that at all the watering places I should encounter the same experience.

"I began," continued he, after pausing a moment, and clearing his throat, as though for a full confession—"I began three days ago to grow melancholic and desponding, and to read Byron. Last night I strolled out upon the beach, with a book in my hand, for a quiet half-hour with this author, so congenial in my present state of mind. Overlooking the sea, upon the cliff, I discovered a quiet little summer house, of the pagoda shape, supported by an upright post in the centre. There was a bench beneath it, upon which I took a seat. Contemplating my misery, I leaned confidently against the post referred to. Immediately it assumed human form, and rose, taking my shelter with it, and presently proved an animated being, of the female persuasion, age, forty-two, with a shrill voice, which sounded in my ear—

"Monster!—what do you mean?"

"Excuse me, madam," said I, apologetically, "but I mistook your hat for an awning, and your upright figure for a post."

"A post, indeed!" shrieked that injured female—"my figure a post! I never was so insulted!" And as she strode away through the gathering gloom, I heard her repeating to herself—"My figure a post! The monster!—a post, indeed!"

"She has told the story all over the house, and I am the laughing-stock of all the pretty girls in it. I'm glad you've come to set me right, for I was just giving way to despair."

But my experience has not been the counterpart of poor Ned's, by any means. I adore the "sundown." Dulcinea wears one—one of the largest size. I have noticed that the hat is large in proportion to the beauty of the face underneath it. The very fact that it renders the dear creatures so unapproachable, makes it all the more delightful—the zest of overcoming obstacles adds so materially to the pleasure of ingratiating yourself in the affections of the loved one. Girls in jockeys and turbans scarcely receive a passing notice this season. They are too come-at-able; but the "sundown" bears off the palm, and carries our hearts captive.

Dulcinea's "sundown" was her "monitor," and she skirmished bravely with it for some time. It showed no signals, except just a streamer of blue, floating from the very top of the miniature "cheese-box," and was from the first a very saucy looking little craft. But she struck her colors at last, and now I'm part owner in the "iron-clad." "We" find it very convenient for shelter from the hot sun, as we stroll on the beach, or sail upon the Bay. We are very grateful for its protection during a sudden and unexpected shower. In short, we must acknowledge that nearly all our bliss we owe to that charming article—

the "sundown." In its umbrageous shade I sit, as I
pen you this account, and sign myself

Yours cool-ly,

A. K. ROWSER.

P. S.—An irresponsible person pretends to doubt
Ned's story about the "summer-house." I can only
offer as an excuse for his ignorance that he never has
seen a "sundown."

MY BIRDS.

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

How gayly they warbled, those birds so wild,
Their rapturous songs, till they half beguiled
My spirit from earth, with the strains of glee
That day by day they trilled to me.
And I never dreamed I should have to part
With the beautiful song-birds of my heart.

There was one with plumage as soft and bright
As flits through the bowers of endless light,
And the song it sang was so glad and gay,
That it bore me far on its wings away
From the sorrow and care of life, but I know
My bird of Hope died long ago.

And there was another, I loved so well;
Ah! it charmed my heart like a magic spell!
That softly folded its snowy wing.
And used to sit in my heart, and sing
Such a vesper hymn as they chant above,
My beautiful, white-winged bird of Love.

And many others there used to be
That sat in my heart and sang to me;
And sometimes now, as in days of yore,
I catch a strain of their song once more;
But the glad, wild notes have grown sad and low,
And the carol changed to a wail of woe.

A London paper publishes the following as "house-
hold words." We have heard very similar expressions
at the American fireside:—

Pshaw! Stop your noise! Shut up this minute!
I'll box your ears! You hold your tongue! Let me
be! Go away! Get away! Get out! Behave your-
self! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch
it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away
those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care!
They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell
ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You
didn't! I did! I will have it! Oh, look what you
have done! 'Twas you! Wont you catch it, though?
It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Mah-h-h!
Boo, hoo, boo, hoo, oo! What's the matter! Get out
of this room directly! Do you hear me! Dear me!
I never did see in all my born days! It's enough to
set one crazy! Would you put a tack in it! Well,
says I! Says he! Says she! Says they! Bless me!
No! Hem it all this way round! Thread foun-ces!
Gored! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet!
Ten yards! Real sweet!

PHYSIOGNOMY.

A side view of the face, as you stand a little behind
the person you look at, is the best view, next to look-
ing in the pupil of the eye, to discover passions by.

Talents appear as often in the shape or point of the
nose as in any other feature. A long nose very sharp
at the end, marks superiority, whether it turns up or
down, *e. g.*—Edmund Burke, Gerard Hamilton, Wil-
liam Pitt, all turn up; the aquilines are generally more
sagacious. The sensible or foolish feature in every
face, like the active muscle, is very various; some-
times the seat or throne of reason, or memory, or
passion, is in the forehead, sometimes in the brow,
now more frequently in the eye, again in the nose;
the mouth has it often. It is sometimes in the jaw
and chin. The large, broad Indian chin, as Grattan's
and Stuart's, the painter, is always indicative of
genius.—*Earl of Clonmel.*

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

The night was still, and clear, and calm,
The starry sentinels patrolled the sky,
With mailed helm, and sable plume,
My first rode forth all silently.
He crossed the stream, he reined his steed,
Over his head my second he drew.
In a palmer's cloak he hid his mail,
And went on his way with a chosen few.
Then he rode with his train to the lists,
His sable robes he has tossed away,
He challenges false Lord Rene to fight
For the sake of my whole to-day.

II.

I am composed of 21 letters. My 5, 3, 16, 13, 1, 17, 7,
is a county in Indiana; my 15, 12, 8, 14, is a county in
Tennessee; my 10, 13, 21, 9, 18, is a county in Georgia;
my 2, 18, 11, 20, is a county in North Carolina; my 5,
4, 6, 19, 12, is a county in Georgia. My whole is the
name of an eminent American divine. *Srs.*

III.

I am composed of 11 letters. My 1, 11, 10, 5, 6, 11, is
a town in Australia; my 6, 5, 5, 1, is the name of a river
in Austria; my 1, 3, 9, 1, 8, 9, is a mountain in North
America; my 2, 4, 5, 8, is a kind of coin; my 7, 9, 8, is
a domestic animal. My whole is a town in New
York. *NANNIE.*

IV.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a Hindoo idol and a
thing sold by auction? One is set up, and the other
is knocked down.

What beautiful fern grows naturally upon all the
girls in the kingdom? Maiden-hair.

Why is a mountain stream a paradoxical thing?
Because though always murmuring, it never com-
plains.

No man alone can make it; but a couple of women
can make it, without hands. What is it? Quarrel.

What cat is worth its weight in gold or silver?
Ducat.

What cat is perpetually running? Cataract.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER:—

1. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous
words stir up anger. 2. Honesty is the best policy.
3. Moonlight. 4. Evanescent.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE TEETH.

No. 9.

BY HENRY S. CHASE, M. D., D. D. 8.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

In a previous lecture I expressed myself so decidedly in opposition to the *fashion* of having artificial teeth, that I think I may drop that subject. When you are obliged to have dental substitutes employ a *Conservator* in Dental Surgery to perform the necessary extractions. He will save many natural teeth for you, which the mere "dental mechanic" would "pull" to replace with his beautiful, small, white, non-imitators of nature. I despise them, as does every true dental artist. We are daily annoyed, ay, disgusted with the glaring inconsistencies of features in the human face, which we meet with at almost every step in our streets. Large dark complexioned men and women have small, white artificial teeth. Old men, and women with teeth small and white as the squirrels. How incongruous. Where is the harmony of nature? Did the maker of these teeth have any true artistic ideas? If he did, then he evidently lacked moral courage to do as he thought right.

If an old lady wishes teeth as white and regular as a belle of eighteen, the dentist should refuse them. If a brunette wishes pearls suitable for the blonde, the dentist should kindly but firmly refuse to grant the request. A long, narrow face demands slender teeth. Broad, short faces require corresponding shaped teeth. The true dental artist will take into account color of hair and eyes, form and complexion, in selecting teeth for his patient. And it will be a thousand times better to let him use his own judgment, and abide by it, than to insist on your own opinion or abide by that of your friends. Let me say that the best set of teeth is that which attracts the least notice. Because if the teeth are in harmony with the other features, they will not be conspicuous.

In the preparation of the mouth for artificial teeth, a great deal of judgment should be used in deciding which teeth to extract and which to preserve. No specific rule can be laid down; but the dentist and patient should make thorough use of common sense and acquired knowledge. Some people wish to make a "clean sweep" of the jaw, if they happen to have lost half a dozen teeth by decay; this is not right; all teeth that can be preserved should be, as a general rule. It is better to plug decayed molars than to have artificial ones. Considerations of economy should not be entertained, unless absolutely necessary. It may cost more for a partial set, including the preservation of a few natural teeth, than to have a whole set. A man with a diseased leg might think it cheaper to have it amputated and purchase an artificial substitute, than to pay a surgeon his fee for its cure; but every one would say the man was a fool if he acted upon that idea.

When you have found the dentist in whom you can put confidence, give him a "carte blanche" to do for you as his judgment may direct, as far as your pecuniary means will allow. Vulcanized Rubber is very extensively used now in the structure of artificial dentures, and where it is well used makes beautiful, useful and durable pieces. It has been brought somewhat into disrepute by low, sordid men, and men of poor reputation, who have sought, by low prices, to make themselves a remunerative business, and have, as a natural result, made inferior work, the bad conse-

quences of which have been laid to the material instead of to the incompetent or dishonest operator. After you get your teeth, wear them at least one month before you find fault with them. Of course they will feel oddly, and perhaps uncomfortably. If they make your mouth sore, let your dentist know it, but don't find fault, the difficulty will be remedied in time. You must have courage and patience, and then the operation will be successful. If after wearing the denture a sufficient length of time, long enough to satisfy the dentist, and you are not satisfied, it is very probable that he will not be, and will wish to try again. You cannot be more anxious to "have a good fit" than an honorable dentist, and if you are so careless as to go to any other, you deserve the punishment of a misfit without redress.

Artificial teeth are not made for external exhibition, like a finger-ring or bosom-pin. Therefore, if they look well in their proper place, and perform well, and are comfortably smooth, don't find fault because they are not finished like a piece of outside jewelry. Some of the most detestable artificial pieces I ever saw were polished so nice that patients thought the maker must be a superior operator!

Many people think that a set of artificial teeth should last a lifetime. Well-made work on gold plate will last from six to fifteen years; about ten years is the average for whole upper sets. The Vulcanite may not be as durable, but I think will not fall much short.

CLASSES for retaining artificial teeth in place were discarded by the best practitioners many years ago. A "suction cavity" is now used by many for retaining whole or parts of sets. Your dentist may, perhaps, consult you in regard to having a suction cavity. If you have courage, patience, and good sense, it will be better to do without the cavity for a whole set. After the first month you can get along well enough without it, and your mouth will be in, and continue in a healthier condition without than with a suction cavity. Exhausting the air from the cavity draws the mucous membrane into it, causing congestion of the parts. I have seen many cases in which the bone itself had followed the skin, and had completely filled the cavity with a hard tumor. In two instances, where two sets of teeth had been worn, embracing a term of fifteen years, the whole arch of the mouth was filled with this new growth of bone and flesh, causing much inconvenience to the patients. A third set of teeth being wanted by each of them, they were made without "cavities," and performed to the patients' entire satisfaction.

Under sets of teeth give more trouble usually than upper ones. Especially in those cases where the bones and gums are very much shrunken or absorbed. It is only occasionally that an under set remains on the jaw by atmospheric pressure. Therefore you must not expect it to adhere firmly to the jaw like the upper teeth. It will be more or less displaced in the motions of eating and talking for several weeks, but will be all right after a while if you have patience.

PALLADIUM, GOLD, VULCANITE.

These three substances are the best materials upon which to mount artificial teeth. I dislike silver very much. There are very few mouths in which it will not corrode and become black.

The choice of the material, however, must depend on the particularities of the case, of which your dentist should be the judge.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

SAUCE FOR BOILED TURKEY OR CAPON.—When the poultry is plucked quite clean and singed, see that it is neatly trussed, and before finally closing the vent, stuff the bird inside with as many raw oysters of the best quality as can be procured, adding to the same a lump of fresh butter, and a portion of bread crumbs from a stale loaf. Remove the turkey or capons into a clean cloth, fold them up carefully, place them into a saucepan of cold water, and let them boil over a moderately heated fire until they are severally done. Have a stick of white blanched celery at hand, and chop it up very small, place it in a quart of new milk in a saucepan, and let it boil gently, with a few black peppercorns, till the quantity is reduced to one pint; keep stirring the esculent up with the milk, until it assumes the character of a consistent pulp. Thicken the whole with the yolk of a fresh egg, well beaten up, with half a tea-cup of fresh cream. Have upon the table a sauce-boat of strong veal gravy.

FRIED ARTICHOKES.—Cut the artichokes into six or eight pieces, according to their size, remove the choke and the large leaves which will not become tender, and trim off the tops of the remainder of the leaves with a pair of scissors. Wash them in several waters, drain them, and dip them in a batter made with flour, a little cream, and the yolk of an egg. Let the artichokes be well covered with the batter, and fry them in oil or in white dripping. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and serve them on a bed of parsley fried in the oil, &c., which remains in the pan.

BATTER FOR FRYING VEGETABLES OR FRITTERS.—Moisten a little flour with water, and add to it a small quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of olive oil, and a spoonful and a half of French brandy. Beat up the mixture thoroughly, and when you are ready to use it, beat into it the white of an egg, previously beaten to a strong froth. This batter may be used for frying sweet *entremets*, in which case, sugar must be put instead of salt.

SALAD SAUCE, FOR EATING WITH RAW OR COOKED ARTICHOKES, ASPARAGUS, &c.—Rub down the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, and moisten them with a tablespoonful of vinegar, and salt, pepper, and fine herbs, minced very small. Beat in three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and serve.

TO WASH WHITE LACE.—The following recipe for washing white lace is generally found more successful than any other. Cover a glass bottle with white flannel, then wind the lace round it, tack it to the flannel on both sides, and cover the whole with a piece of flannel or linen, which sew firmly round it. Then steep the bottle over night in an ewer, with soap and cold water. Next morning wash it with hot water and soap, the soap being rubbed on the outer covering. Then steep it again for some hours in cold water, and afterwards dry it in the air or near the fire. Remove the outer covering, and the lace is ready, no ironing being required. If the lace is very dirty, of course it must be washed a great deal.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

STARR KING in his "White Hills," that wonderful volume whose every page is a mirror that reflects the majesty and beauty of the mountains, tells us of some man "who was very indignant at all poetic descriptions of natural scenery. Now," said he, "what can be honestly said of this Willey Notch, but, 'Good heavens, what a rough hole!'"

And the man who recently made the ascent of Mount Wilard, and to discourage others from attempting it, asserted on his return, that "the whole thing was a humbug," must have been of the same quality and have seen through the same eyes that Starr King's acquaintance did.

And, when July and August pour their great tidal waves of humanity up among the mountains and valleys of northern New Hampshire, each one of that vast company of eager men and women will only find in these great missals spread out and emblazoned of nature, what he or she brings eyes for seeing.

You come up and stand here, oh, man or woman, in the midst of the awful grandeur and royal glories of creation, and you ask, "What have you to say to me, oh, Mountains!" and the mountains answer, "Just

what you have eyes to read!" and if your soul is "dumb that it cannot hear," and your "eyes are blind that they cannot see," the mountains will have opened their awful lips and have called out to you their eternal secrets in vain—in vain! and so the silent souls and the darkened eyes come up here to this royal vision of sky, and earth, and waters, and find no revelation nor God in all these things.

And for those who have stood face to face with the mountains and felt each one to be a strong, living, vital personality, and seen in those moments of transfiguration the vision of grandeur and glory, and been fairly intoxicated with the radiance and beauty, until the soul has cried out "No more, lest I die!"—for those it is as difficult to find any words which shall reflect the forms and colors of the landscape as it is the rich and vivid impressions of the hours.

The writer must leave to those who have ascended Mount Washington and stood among her gray temples of clouds, and looked down from a peak "higher than the eagles will build their nests," on the solid masonry of miles of rock, to interpret the speech and language of the monarch who sits crowned among the royal princes of the hills.

My own experience was confined to the "Franconia Range," and the Willey Notch, although if you have muscles that will bear a strain and steadfast nerves, you will find it hard to resist the temptation of ascending Mount Washington in some pleasant August morning, when you stand in the veranda of the Mount Willey House, and see the gay cavalcade of men and women winding off in the little forest path that curves out from the woods, and that winds through varied zones of vegetation up to the "cupola of Mount Hampshire." The ascent commences in the morning, but it is likely the early stars will watch the tired riders draw rein at the Crawford House, after a day of such experience as will pay vast dividends to memory through all one's life.

But the Franconia Range, and the Willey Notch, hold landscape feasts to feed perpetually the hungriest eye and soul. Oh, everlasting hills whose dark bosoms are clothed in the eternal gladness of green trees—oh, white staircases of mountain falls, between gray bannisters of rocks—oh, oh, winds, plashing softly among the trees, with low, sweet tunes that creep into the silent places of our souls—oh, laughter and glitter of blue mountain pools under the shadows of the cliffs—oh, perpetual glory and beauty of sunlight, making with contrasts of shadows your darkness and radiance on the mountains, as God and sin make perpetual light and darkness of human life—oh, mountains against which the tempests hurl in rain their awful wrath, and over which in darkness and whirlwind, and fire, the storms ride to battle, and around whose summits vast armies seem to come and go, waving their spectral banners of mist—oh, strong, solemn, awful mountains, standing in eternal witness of God your Creator—where is the pen that shall crystallize in song your forms and curves of grace, your beauty, and dazzling contrasts, and glories of color—where is the harp along whose stormy strings shall sweep the rush and roar of your torrents and storms, or whose strong chords shall quiver with the majestic roll of the numbers in which are bound up your strength and grandeur!

It was just at the close of a delicious August day that our little party made the ascent of the road that climbs almost from the door of the Crawford House up the rough sides of Mount Willard to its summit. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole vision was revealed to us all, and the first impression was so overwhelming as almost to amount to terror.

Just opposite us stood Mount Webster, lifting up to the sky its green sheets of foliage or its brown welts of barren stone. A strong, solemn, mighty genius, across whose face streamed in that clear bright atmosphere no fine laces of vapor, but wrapped in the embrace of sombre masses of shadow, or wearing higher up the golden richness of the sunset light.

And here one of our little party said—"There is only one passage which reaches the height of my emotion, and that is, 'The strength of the hills is His also.'" The strong old scripture ascription opened to our souls as the mists do on the hills, and they entered in beyond the gateway of its words to the hidden meaning and power of this passage.

Our Father had made even all these. We were more and dearer to Him than these mountains, along whose summits we crawled like ants. He had laid their timbers of stone and shut their massive gates of rock. All around us stood the terrible witnesses of His power and glory, and yet we might lift up our heads in reverent rejoicing in the awful presence of the mountains. We were more and better than these—we that might be heirs of all this majesty and

beauty, and over whom His heart of love brooded in a tender watchfulness of love and care that it never did over the hills whose "strength is His also."

There is one thought, however, that often steals like a shadow into all the joy and peace into which one lapses among the mountains. And this is, that they are shut to so large a part of our countrymen and women. The expenses which a loving intimacy with the mountains involve are so large as to form a serious obstacle to many tourists of limited means. Their remoteness, and the large outlays which must necessarily be incurred in opening the roads and furnishing accommodations for guests, will be apparent to all.

The Crawford House and the Profile afford luxurious entertainment to their guests, and here, in all this savage wildness of nature, one finds every grace and elegance of city life.

But the mountains open themselves mostly to a golden key, and many to whom they would yield up precious jewels of memory and wisdom are shut out from them. But after all, such have their consolation. Life at the best is but a little passage of experience, and those who love and trust God shall find in the end all loss and defeat here made up to them. He has made all things beautiful in their season, even here in the world that has revolted from Him, and whose inhabitants insult Him continually with hardness of heart and rebellion of life.

What shall the beauty of that world be where the blight of no sin hath ever crept, and of whose glory it hath entered into the heart of no man to conceive? Do not be afraid, do not despond—oh, tired, yearning heart of the son or daughter of God—in a little while you shall have ample reward and satisfaction for all your griefs and limitations.

The waters sang, the winds took it up, and the everlasting mountains declared to our souls this promise of Him whose is the strength of the hills, and without which all their grandeur and beauty would be worse than vanity of vanities.

V. F. Z.

A PLEA FOR THE SOLDIERS.

This period in our history may well be called a "carnival of crime." Accounts of robberies, assaults, and even murders, are becoming frightfully common in our newspapers of late. The disbanding of the army has thrown loose upon the community all that large class of thieves and desperadoes that has followed upon its path, and who by bounty jumping, stealing and gambling, have supported themselves for the past four years. It is they who are the perpetrators of the crimes now of constant occurrence. We wish to call especial attention to this fact at this time, because there has been an evident disposition upon the part of some through maliciousness, and of others from thoughtlessness or ignorance of facts, to lay the blame upon the returned soldiers of our land. We do not think this treatment is honorable or just. We think it can be proven that very few, comparatively, of the recent crimes have been committed by the brave men who have been fighting our battles in the ranks for the past four years, while the instances in which they, themselves have been cruelly victimized are almost without number.

Another reason why we wish to draw attention to this subject is, because we are assured by an officer now remaining in the service, that this spirit and tendency is having a very evil influence upon the returning veterans. They have fought nobly, and are deserving of cordial reception at our hands. It is ours, now, to defend and honor them, not to receive them

with suspicion, and heap reproach upon their fair fame. There may be, undoubtedly, some men who are sadly demoralized by connection with the army, but that this is true of the soldiers as a class we are not yet willing to believe. Within our own experience such cases are comparatively rare, while the greater number of them upon their return home have quietly settled down into peaceful avocations, and are sober, industrious, reliable citizens as before.

ARCHERY.

Out-door sports for ladies have not yet attained that popularity in our country which is desirable, since they contribute so materially to the health and physical development of American women. Our English cousins have set us an example in this regard which were well worth imitation. Conspicuous among their open air recreations is archery, of which a London paper says—

"It affords us one of the most enjoyable and beautiful amusements. And if any one wishes to know how useful it is, let them go to the next meeting and see the glowing cheeks and the beaming eyes, the straight figures and the muscle (I hope I may be allowed to refer to a lady's bicep) it makes. The vice-like grip, the power to draw a bow of 28lbs., the steady nerve, and the 'stout heart,' are not these useful elsewhere than in front of the targets? And archery, of all exercises, promotes these. It is a deadly foe to consumptions and rheumatisms. I spoke just now of the peculiar grace observable in the archery field. Is it not attributable to the fact that the ladies practice archery? An hour a day through the summer spent in drawing a good yew bow is calculated to raise the *physique* of a lady in a wonderful degree. Hence the everywhere observable fact that the ladies to be found at archery meetings are more 'supple sinewed,' tall and strong, than their compeers."

Our cut this month is a likeness of Miss Betham, the champion archer among the ladies' clubs of England.

THE DISDAINFUL MAIDEN.

The subject of our steel plate this month we believe was first suggested by an old Scotch ballad, which was familiar to us in childhood, of which, if memory serves us rightly, these are the words—

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"Pray, what is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I'll not marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody has asked you, sir," she said.

THE ROYAL BABY.

(See wood cut.)

"That blessed baby." Even if it is born in a hovel is always an object of interest and solicitude to all about it. It is swaddled to suffocation, toasted like a piece of cheese before the fire until it is red in the face, trotted upon the knee until its brains are addled, and handed about among interested friends to be criticised, and all its features assigned to others until it is despoiled

of any pretension to individuality. In its helpless condition its entrance into this world is a signal for martyrdom. If such is the unhappy fortune of a child born only to the inflictions of a private circle of friends, what must be the experience of a poor infant born to royalty and subjected to the solicitude of millions of people.

The unfortunate baby is truly entitled to our warmest sympathy. We suppose, that though a prospective king, it is yet very much like other babies; is "pinched with colic and warped with pains," and is very similar to the picture Will Shakespeare painted of it two hundred years ago—"Mewling and puking in its nurse's arms."

An English poet, in an address to the Princess Alexandra and little Prince Victor, says—

"Sleep calmly, little baby, sleep,
Upon thy mother's knee,
Sleep calmly, for a nation's heart
Throbs anxiously for thee.

"Sleep calmly, little baby, sleep,
'Neath God's protecting care,
In the best love of countless hearts
Thou hast a bounteous share.

"Through all Great Britain's mighty realm
The heartfelt prayer shall be,
'God bless our Princess, bless the child
That slumbers on her knee!"

We Americans hardly appreciate the reverence for royalty which the British feel, and yet we do most heartily wish peace, happiness, and prosperity to the beautiful young mother and her slumbering babe. a

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

Every day brings us new testimonials of regard from our friends. One lady, writing from Illinois, says—

"We take several magazines, but there is not one that I place in the hands of my family with so much confidence and satisfaction as the 'Home.' It is not its fine writing, its interesting stories, its fashions or engravings—though these are all alike good and acceptable in their way—but it is the heart in it which endears it to all who come within the circle of its influence. If times are hard and money close and we must needs retrench our expenses, we drop our other periodicals, but retain this through all reverses for the comfort and sustenance which it gives."

Such assurances are always welcome. We do not believe in fulsome flattery, but real, hearty, deserving praise, is always acceptable to those who have striven conscientiously for the right.

Life and Times of Abraham Lincoln.

This book, which we announced in our last number, is now complete and ready for the public. This is a very interesting work and promises to have a very large sale. It has the advantage of the other similar works now before the country from the fact that it has been written wholly since the death of Mr. Lincoln. Viewed in the light of his martyrdom his whole life stands out with purer lustre before the eyes of the people, who love his memory and delight to "do him reverence."

The book is published by Bradley & Co., 66 North 4th St., Philadelphia.